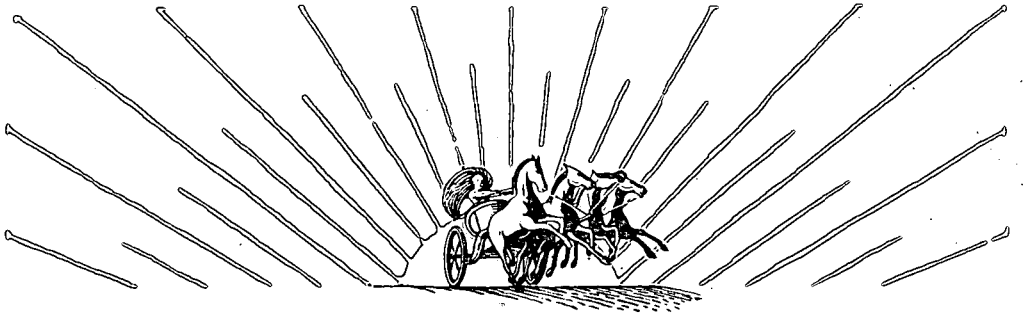

THE LIVING AGE

[MONTHLY NUMBER]

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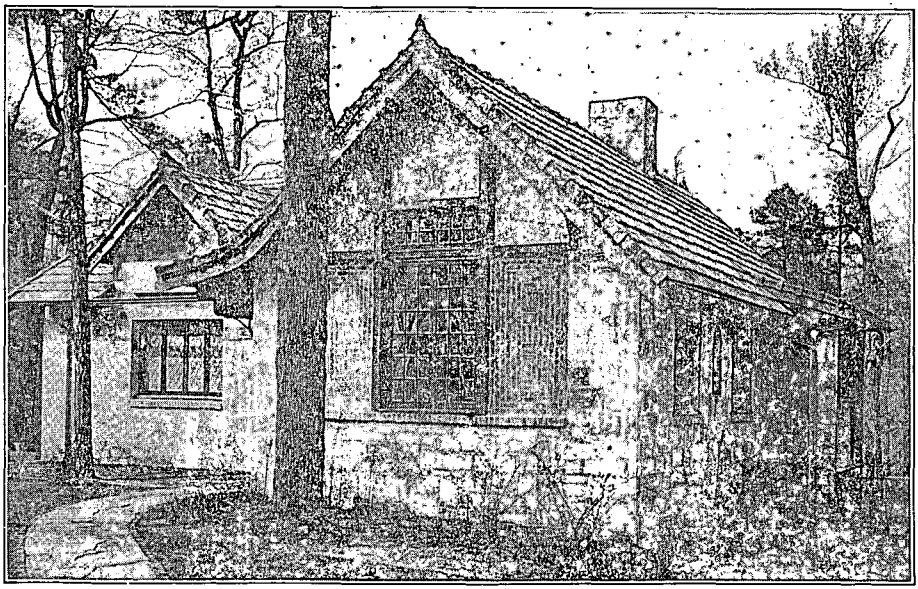

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

THE *Irish Tribune*, over which our **Cork Editor** presides, is a weekly published in Gaelic and English. Quite obviously our contributor is not in agreement with Archbishop Mannix of Australia, who has not been applying to the Irish Question the principles of peace on earth, good will to men. Speaking of Australia, **Meredith Atkinson** has been editor of the *Review of Reviews* in Melbourne — the third paper of that name that we know of. A graduate of Oxford, Mr. Atkinson has been professor of economics at the University of Melbourne, and has written a number of books on social and economic subjects.

Doctor Georg Vlasov is one of the learned contributors to the strict old *Preussische Jahrbücher*. The *Berliner Tageblatt* is a horse of another color — it is the leading Liberal daily of Berlin and supports many correspondents in foreign parts. Among them is **Victor Auburtin,** who covers Spain and whose writings have previously appeared in our pages.

When Joyce's *Ulysses* came out some years ago, **Valéry Larbaud's** fame spread to English-speaking countries, for it was in his apartment that Joyce put the finishing touches on his masterpiece. M. Larbaud was thus privy to some of the mysteries of this much-discussed work, and wrote an explanation of it in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, part of which was subsequently translated into English. But M. Larbaud's interests in foreign literature do not begin and end with Joyce by any means. He has translated Samuel Butler into French and introduced several English and Spanish writers to his countrymen. Some months ago he received the Legion of Honor.

Of the two authors of the Russian village sketches, **Panteleimon Romanov** is the better known. It will, unfortunately, be some time before any of the new writers of Soviet short stories attain the reputation in America that the Tarzan books have brought to Edgar Rice Burroughs in Moscow and points east.

When Kipling was presented with a gold medal by the Royal Society some weeks ago, **Sir Edmund Gosse** was naturally called upon to make a speech. In his late seventies, Sir Edmund still contributes a weekly article to the *Sunday Times*. With Professor George Saintsbury he shares the honor of being the 'Dean of English Critics.'

Professor of history at the University at Bonn, **Fritz Kern** is troubled by the same anxiety about our future that has inspired such books as Spengler's *Decline of the West*. Just as our own country seems to be flooded with Outlines of one thing and another, Europe is having an epidemic of Syntheses of Civilization. Although work of this sort for 'the intelligent few' should always come first in our esteem, none of us should be too highbrow to refuse to consider a man like Sir Hall Caine, the Harold Bell Wright of England. **P. Morton Shand** is a typical *London Mercury* contributor, who knows the ins and outs of modern literary production.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 330 — *AUGUST 7, 1926* — NO. 4283

AROUND THE WORLD IN JULY

Britain's Depression

BRITAIN is laboring in her industrial distress like a water-logged craft in a heavy sea. Her national revenue declined by more than one hundred million dollars during the first quarter of the present financial year, as compared with the corresponding period a year ago, her foreign trade has dropped nearly seven hundred million dollars within six months, and upward of two and one half million of her workers are now in idleness. The country is becoming increasingly dependent upon imported coal for maintaining its essential services. Even industries less affected by the coal strike feel the pinch. The shares of more than sixty textile corporations in the Manchester district are at a discount, and many of them report heavy losses for the current year. Meanwhile the striking miners are holding out with grim determination, although there is said to be actual hunger in their ranks. In a word, the bitterest industrial conflict in England's recent history has come as a climax to one of the worst industrial depressions recorded in her annals.

Probably no other nation would face this situation as calmly as the British — and with as little sign of political nervousness. The debate upon 'Red gold' and the alleged alarm over Moscow's machinations are largely tactical, as are the Laborists' rather brutal attacks on Mr. Baldwin. Even the Conservative *Saturday Review* characterized the 'Red gold' debate in the House of Commons as proceeding 'on expected and orthodox lines.' The extreme Right 'abused the Soviet Government and all its works with a vehemence that was only equaled by the extreme Left in defending them. Admiral Kolchak figured alternately as a pure-minded patriot and a red-handed murderer.' Doctor Arthur Shadwell, a sympathetic and well-informed student of labor questions, declares in a letter to the *Times* that a regular campaign has been started by the members of the Labor Party in Parliament to advance their cause by deliberately and systematically villifying the Prime Minister. It is only human nature for the Liberals to aid and abet these attacks, although it is difficult to see what profit they can

'Red Gold'

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derive from them in the present crisis.

Party Dissension

No appreciable progress has been made toward healing the breach in the Liberal Party, where Lord Oxford and Lloyd George continue to glare at each other across a seemingly unfathomable abyss. We are told that Lord Oxford's famous letter of excommunication to Lloyd George was intended to pave the way for his own resignation and the selection of Viscount Grey to lead the Party. Otherwise the doughty Welshman was likely to walk off with the spoils. But the manœuvre, whatever its true motive, was most unhappy in the outcome, for a majority of the Liberals followed the heretic. Simultaneously, rumors are heard of deep-seated differences in the Conservative Cabinet and in its Party rank and file. The Ministry embraces die-hards and ultrareactionaries who itch to use an iron hand with Labor, and also tolerant, liberal-minded men like the Premier himself, who realize that what Britain needs most is the friendly co-operation of employers and workers. The last election brought into the House of Commons, moreover, a large number of young Conservatives, who find themselves relegated to inconspicuous committees or left to dangle their heels from obscure corner benches, because, in view of the Government's enormous majority, its numerous older supporters naturally take precedence. These young Tories, with their punctured dreams of speedy political preferment, form a disgruntled and critical group none too friendly to their more fortunate — or more prominent — Party colleagues.

The Coal Bill

The Cabinet put through its bill for eight hours' labor in the mines during a turbulent session of the House of Lords and amid noisy interruptions that violated every dignified tradition of that ancient body. In fact feeling rose to such a height that there were fisticuffs between a Tory and a Labor member in the lobby, although the two combatants made up and shook hands immediately afterward. The practical effect of the bill is hard to predict. The *Saturday Review*, which should speak for the Government if any British weekly does, says its purpose was not really economic, but tactical; that is, — and this opinion is endorsed by the Liberal *Nation and Athenæum*, — that the Government hoped to split the Miners' Federation by a solution that would enable the members to earn their former wages by a little longer work. The Labor members in Parliament, acting on the suggestion of the Miners' Executive, offered no amendments to the bill, on the ground that it was too bad a measure to be bettered. The act probably undermines somewhat the prestige that the Cabinet has enjoyed as an impartial umpire in the mining controversy, for it is easy to interpret it, in the words of the *New Statesman*, as 'patently a coal owners' measure.' Most of the reforms it proposes are permissive or advisory rather than mandatory. It does provide, however, for a levy of five per cent on the incomes of royalty owners for the purpose of providing pithead baths.

France's Economic Pinch

France dominates the Continental horizon with her disastrous and long-foreseen currency collapse and incessant political crises. During the greater part of last year prices rapidly advanced in that country as a result of inflation, and the spread between world prices and domestic gold prices increased from three per cent in 1922 to twenty per cent three years later. This steady rise of domestic prices produced a crop of difficulties: strikes, troubles in the Civil Service, advances in railway charges,

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rising rates of interest, a decline in securities, and a fall in the capital value of many business undertakings which were not able to accommodate themselves to these changing conditions. As in Central Europe during a similar experience, wealth in France no longer bears any relation to effort or saving. Production has not yet declined, but its distribution has ceased to be normal, and many exports no longer pay a profit. For instance, gold prices for products of the metallurgical industry delivered at Antwerp are below those of 1913 despite the rise in world prices. Within a year the value per unit of weight of imported raw materials has risen thirty-seven per cent, while that of exported French manufactures has fallen twenty-five per cent. In other words, France is giving foreign purchasers of her goods more than she gets in return. Saving is ceasing. The amount of life insurance written last year rose only eight per cent, as compared with forty per cent the year before, and if converted into gold values exhibited a net decline. Many industrial undertakings are crippled by lack of working capital. For example, the electrical industry is obliged to pay ten and twelve per cent for its loans. French workers, who are far less passive than those of Germany in such emergencies, are in an ugly mood as real wages continue to fall with the steady depreciation of the franc.

Financiers and Politicians

Against this background three salient incidents of the past month stand out distinctly. The first was the report of the nominally nonpartisan Committee of Experts upon the finances, which was made public early in July. It is impossible to review this document here, although it is admirably concise compared with many state papers. Its key recommendations are a rigid reduction of public expenditures; abandonment of inflation; gradual stabilization of the franc at a figure to be determined by economic exigencies; a foreign loan to assist this operation; and administrative and fiscal reforms designed to facilitate the collection of taxes and to increase the immediate revenues of the Government. This report aroused little opposition except from the Communists, who stigmatized it as an attempt to lift the last remnant of the burden of France's financial restoration from the shoulders of the well-to-do and to impose it on the laboring classes. The second conspicuous incident was the failure of Caillaux to carry out his programme, due partly to a certain evasiveness on the part of the last Briand Cabinet in defining its proposed policy to the Chamber, and to distrust of the Finance Minister himself. Caillaux's policy speech made a deep impression on the deputies. He painted unsparingly the desperate situation of the Treasury and the conditions which had brought it about, incidentally making unpleasant revelations — notably that most of the proceeds of the Morgan loan had already been spent. But his able critique was not accompanied by an equally explicit statement of how the situation was to be bettered. M. Léon Blum, the clever leader of the Socialists, in a speech applauded by all sections of the Chamber, including the extreme Right, opposed the proposal to give Caillaux extraordinary powers, and M. Franklin Bouillon, a rising Radical of Centrist sympathies, attacked furiously the alleged intention of the Government to push the ratification of the debt agreement with the United States. These speakers, by their appeals to the passions of the Chamber, managed to dissipate completely the grave and responsible mood produced by

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Caillaux's disclosures, and to start the swing of sentiment against Briand which was to overthrow his tenth Cabinet a few days later and, after a momentary Herriot interlude, give France her present Union Cabinet under Poincaré.

'*Uncle Shylock*'

Especially interesting for Americans is the third salient feature of July's political history in France. This is the bitter — indeed riotous — opposition to the Mellon-Berenger debt accord. A concerted offensive has begun, backed by a drum-fire of propaganda both in America and abroad, to force the cancellation of our claims against Europe. The whole gamut of the transatlantic press, from Communist *Humanité* to the Northcliffe papers, has joined in the clamor, and clever stage work to impress American tourists — like the veterans' parade — has added to its effectiveness. No single gun on the French front has echoed louder than that fired by Senator François Coty, the proprietor of *Le Figaro*. He adorned the front page of the June 30 issue of that journal with a typical article entitled 'The perils of the hour: Europe face to face with America,' which was largely an appeal for Continental solidarity in resisting the payment of Europe's debts to the United States. He argued: 'If the situation of France is serious, that of Europe is still more so. Whether we see it or not, our cause is tied up with that of the other European Powers. Any improvement that we secure in our domestic, economic, and financial condition will be but relative and transitory. We cannot solve it until we have solved the whole European problem. Now the solution of the European problem depends almost entirely on the attitude of the New World toward the Old. Let us nurse no illusions. In all important international dealings Europe has exhibited uncertainty and nervousness. . . . New Europe, as created by the peace treaties, is not viable. . . . All clear-visioned men know that Europe as a whole — and France in particular — is at grips with a powerful and determined adversary. America covets our economic dominions. . . . America is trying to use her position as Europe's creditor to get a mortgage on our continent and to prevent its organizing itself economically with its own resources. The subsidies sent by New York to support the Russian Revolution and the refusal of the United States to join the League of Nations are symptoms that we cannot neglect.' Therefore, this writer argues, 'France cannot ratify the debt pact her representatives have signed in Washington.' The temper of debt discussion in France is characterized by the *Westminster Gazette* as 'scarcely encouraging. . . . If anything in the world could conceivably connect a loan with a lack of independence it is this attitude toward an arrangement which very largely writes off a debt. This attitude is also singularly ungenerous. . . . No nation can afford to flout her creditors in this way when she depends upon them so completely for further credit. The outcry against M. Caillaux's supposed intentions to mortgage French independence seems strangely insincere, and yet it is apparently widespread. The fact is, of course, that every loan, every debt, implies a form of vassalage. Reasonable people realize that the world is bound together by such bonds. Credit is the very breath of modern industry and commerce. Such dependence upon a foreign country only becomes irksome or injurious to self-respect when it involves any intimate interference with domestic affairs. But long before that state of things could come about

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such a country would have already lost its self-respect. Credit in countries such as France cannot be prejudiced except by a deliberate failure to meet obligations.'

Germany's Worries

While France has talked, Belgium and Italy have acted, although how effectively, since they are dealing with economic laws superior to parliaments or dictators, it is impossible to say. Germany views with some alarm the prospect of a change of régime in France that may put a Nationalist Ministry in power, just when the Geneva negotiations over her Council seat are pending. The Germans still believe that the military on the Rhine are trying to keep the Separatist movement alive there. Indignation is also felt at the persistence of their interference in purely civilian matters. For example, the Interallied Authority in the Palatinate has not yet lifted its veto on teaching English as a compulsory subject in the German schools, as is required by the present German curriculum. The royal property question, which has been magnified beyond its true proportions for political purposes, remains unsettled despite the plebiscite, because the Marx Cabinet could not command a majority in the Reichstag to enact the legislation necessary to make that negative decision effective before that body adjourned until next November.

Poland in Evolution

Poland seems to be drifting toward a conventional dictatorship, rather to the dismay of the Socialists, with whose support Pilsudski seized power. Had it not been for the railway strike called by these partisans at the time of the recent overturn, the former Government might have rushed loyal troops into Warsaw and saved the day. Pilsudski in the saddle is showing scant favor to these allies, however, and has promptly nullified their efforts to broaden the political revolution into a social revolution. The political change itself promises to be confined to the erection of an independent executive possessing the powers of an American president to veto the acts of Parliament and dissolve that body, and to issue decrees having the force of law during periods when Parliament is not in session — reforms suggested by the country's recent painful experience with irresponsible 'responsible governments.'

Masaryk and Beneš

Doctor Beneš, who has been Czechoslovakia's Foreign Minister ever since she has had an independent Government, and has represented her at practically every international gathering to which she has been a party, became a storm centre last June on account of his unpopular attitude toward certain purely domestic measures. He resigned his mandate in Parliament, but continued to hold office, as he was able to do under the Constitution. He has the support of President Masaryk, who published a significant interview in *Narodni Osvobozeni* a few weeks ago, commenting upon modern political tendencies in Europe and their application to Czechoslovakia. The philosopher-president attached little importance to current criticisms of parliamentary government, especially when they repudiate democracy. He defined the latter as 'a philosophy of life, a fundamental conception of the citizen's relation to the State, while a system of government is merely a piece of machinery. Governments may have many forms. We are interested only in how far they express the popular will.' He said that Czechoslovakia was not experiencing a crisis of democracy or parliamentary government, but merely a crisis of party politics, and that there was no demand for or need of a dictatorship, although many of her people did not yet measure

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up to the political privileges they had won. 'We have a republic; we have complete liberty. That is an immense blessing, but it has utterly turned the heads of a few weak-charactered and politically immature individuals.'

Along the Danube

Politics along the Danube are dominated for the moment by growing jealousies within the Little Entente, where both Rumania and Yugoslavia are trying to win the favor of Hungary in order to establish their hegemony in Southeastern Europe. The Rumanian papers talk excitedly of a proposed Bulgarian-Yugoslav alliance. Belgrade has concluded a new series of conventions with Italy, rather to the disgust of the people of her former Austrian territories and of a considerable element in old Serbia itself. Meanwhile Greece is carrying water on both shoulders in an endeavor to promote good relations with both Italy and Yugoslavia. In an interview with the Athens correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*, her Foreign Minister recently declared that her relations with the latter country were 'as good as in the best times of close Greco-Serb coöperation during the Balkan War of 1912'; and he asserted that his late call on Mussolini had resulted in a 'sympathetic and confidential atmosphere' which promised excellent things for the future friendship of Athens and Rome. Rumania is still entangled in an almost hopeless economic crisis. Electoral practices in that country are vividly illustrated by the following 'General Order No. 1718,' issued to the police during the last parliamentary campaign: 'According to the oral command of the Prefect, you will notify all commanders of constabulary posts that electioneering of any kind, or the distribution of campaign material, except by supporters of the Government and the League of Christian National Defense, is prohibited in your town. Election workers [of the Opposition Parties] on foot are to be arrested and conducted directly to the commander of the local constabulary. Those in automobiles are to be escorted to the nearest general headquarters of constabulary. You will communicate this order to all mayors, notaries, and other officials concerned in your district.' The London *Outlook* opines that if the Little Entente disintegrates, as it threatens to do at present, Yugoslavia will be obliged to look to Rome for support to oppose the union of Austria and Germany, and that Mussolini may be able to induce Hungary to join such a combination. 'He will then be well on his way to realize his ambition of elevating the House of Savoy to the position once occupied by its rival of Hapsburg.'

Fascist Discord

Just now the Italian Fascisti are straining every nerve to keep the lira from following the headlong descent of the franc. We have already alluded to the iron regimen of economy and labor by which Mussolini is trying to ward off an economic collapse that would endanger both his system of government and himself. Meanwhile harmony does not prevail in the Fascist ranks, and at a stormy interview between Farinacci and Mussolini at the Chigi Palace early in July the hot-headed Cremona *ras* is said to have struck Mussolini in his anger. However this may be, armed clashes have occurred between Farinacci's followers and those of his Fascist rival, Federzoni, in the streets of Cremona and at Naples, and in both instances the former held the field. At Florence the Farinaccists demonstrated against a member of Mussolini's Cabinet, shouting before his hotel: 'Long live Farinacci! We want a general election!'

The complot against the Directory in

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Primo an Easy Boss

Spain, which was first ascribed to the Anarchists and Communists, and was later described as a general political move of some importance, seems to have simmered down to an army wrangle over the spoils. Ancient General Weyler, the half-German hero of Spain's defeat in Cuba, who is now in his eighty-eighth year, was hardly a dangerous opponent for the Directory, and was probably never more than an ornamental figurehead for discontented officers eager for higher salaries and promotions. This is a third attempt within a year to turn Primo de Rivera out of office. That good-natured gentleman does not live up to the bloodthirsty traditions of Spanish romance, and has contented himself with fining his unsuccessful rivals. The heaviest penalty — of one-half million pesetas — falls upon Count Romanones, a former Prime Minister. The proceeds of these levies upon the Opposition Party chest are, we are told, to go to charity. Alfonso's part in the conspiracy, if any, remains obscure. *Humanité*, the Paris Communist organ, which has an extensive Party secret service at its disposal and not infrequently tells interesting stories out of school, asserts on the strength of 'first-hand information from Madrid' that the monarch secretly encouraged General Weyler and his associates, having found the dictations of Primo de Rivera a trifle irksome. Portugal's revolution centred around the attempt of the majority party in Parliament to convert the tobacco monopoly into a state institution — a measure that presented magnificent opportunities for political patronage. Since the article describing the heroic stage (?) of the revolution which we publish elsewhere in this issue was written, General da Costa has been put out of office by a revolt in his Cabinet, supported by the Lisbon garrison, and a rival general has taken his place. In other words, what failed in Spain has succeeded in the neighboring Iberian Republic. One reform proposed in Portugal is to give the executive the powers of an American president, and to do away with a Cabinet responsible to Parliament — in a word, the same change that Pilsudski demands in Poland.

Beyond Europe's Margin

Mustapha Kemal's ruthless dealing with his enemies, who were a more bloodthirsty lot, however, than the Spanish intriguers, stands out in unpleasant contrast with the clemency of the Madrid Directory. No incident of sensational importance has ruffled the history of the first few weeks of restored parliamentary government in Egypt. The late Caliphate Congress at Cairo, to which we have previously referred, apparently proved a negative sort of gathering. It passed resolutions declaring that the Caliphate should be restored; that the Caliph should be an independent Mohammedan monarch able to enforce the rights of Mohammedans throughout the world; that he should be a temporal as well as a spiritual sovereign; and that he should be the sole possessor of that dignity. But delegates also resolved that 'the Caliphate cannot be realized at the present time.'

China

It is a long jump from Africa to China, but India and the colonies are quiescent just at present. In the Celestial Republic Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin, who was received at Peking with high honors, are said to have reached an agreement to direct their forces against their opponents at Canton and Kalgan respectively, thus drawing the lines for a decisive fight between the Radical and Nationalist forces of the interior and the Southern Capital, and the Conservative, foreign-supported tuchuns of Manchuria and the Yangtze. While

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these arrangements are being made, the Tariff Conference, having been hung up at Peking for a considerable period without a Government with which to negotiate, has taken a vacation, and the Extraterritoriality Commission is visiting Harbin, where it can study nominal Chinese rule over the white man *in situ*. That city is the only place in China where a large foreign community without extraterritorial rights is subject to Chinese law.

Cisatlantic Questions

The British press has shown extraordinary nervousness over the constitutional issue raised in Canada by Lord Byng's refusal to dissolve Parliament at Mr. Mackenzie King's request and his readiness to do so a few days later at the instance of the Liberal Premier's Conservative successor. The technical points of issue have been discussed *in extenso*, but the gist of the controversy for Great Britain lies in its possible effect upon the relations of Canada to the Empire. The Mexican press deplores the resignation of Doctor Rodrigo Octavio, the Brazilian chairman of the International Claims Commission. Judge Perry, our representative on the Commission, had already resigned as a protest against the decision relieving Mexico of the obligation to pay damages for the Santa Isabel incident. *El Universal* protests: 'All disputes between the United States and the Spanish-American Republics possess the unfortunate feature — for the latter — of invariably being settled to their disadvantage. This is not due to reasons of justice, but to biological reasons, which are just as decisive in international relations as in the animal kingdom. We are the weaker party.' We hope to publish an Italian version of the Mexican Church controversy on August 14. General Lassiter's failure to settle the Tacna-Arica dispute has been received with secret gratification in some parts of Latin America and abroad. A German correspondent of *Vossiiche Zeitung*, writing from Santiago, advances the interesting thesis that the United States Government prefers that the issue shall remain unsettled in conformity with its consistent policy of promoting discord among its southern neighbors in order to divide and rule them. He tells an absorbing story of our slow but sure advance from the Panama Canal southward, our economic conquest of Peru, which he says has become virtually an American colony, and our logical next step forward toward the nitrate fields and mineral lands of Chile, where our investors have already acquired a decisive influence. We are described as particularly interested in giving a Pacific port to Bolivia, which would consult 'primarily North America's interest: in the first place her economic interest, in the second place her military-strategic interest.' *Le Quotidien* is delighted because the delegates at the recent Panama Congress, held on the centenary of the Bolivar Congress there, voted a motion favoring the organization of an American League of Nations to coöperate with the larger League at Geneva. 'The United States,' it declared, 'did not dare to oppose the motion, but it did not endorse it. That country and Brazil withheld their votes.' The announced intention of Argentina to be represented at the next Assembly, and the conjectured intention of Mexico to follow suit, are also subjects of congratulation for this paper.

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CHEER UP, IRELAND![1]

BY A CORK EDITOR

THERE are many diseases in the body politic of Saorstát Eireann. There is pessimism, there is cynicism, disgruntlement, carping criticism, hopelessness, inertia, weakness of the will to improve conditions, almost despair.

Most men have become frankly cynical regarding the existence of patriotism, of right principles, of noble motives, of truth and honesty in public affairs. Every motive of public men is questioned, to discover the worst. Every statement is regarded with suspicion. Every action is looked upon as springing from the meanest motives.

There is cynicism regarding the claims of our nation to any virtues or noble qualities. Historians and writers who praise our people are doubted. The malignant only are believed. The scoffer is sure of a hearing. It is an ill condition for a community.

Pessimism has become chronic in the minds of many. Hope has fled. Everything is touched with the blackness of despair. Each section and party in the State blames the other, but all are one in the possession of a feeling of pessimism. Political organizations are in a slump. The civic duty of voting at elections is regarded with indifference or dislike. Taxation is beyond endurance. 'The country cannot bear the burden.' Trade will never again revive. Business men are afraid to risk a penny in Irish enterprises: such enterprises are doomed to failure. Workingmen are on the starvation line. The farmers are ruined, by high prices or low prices, by fine weather or wet weather, by every act of legislation, by rates and taxes. Tens of thousands are fleeing from the country. Ireland is now declared to be 'the island of slaves and cowards and fools!' The pessimist is abroad and croaks loudly.

There are evident reasons for the cynicism and the pessimism. The reasons are contained in this history of the past seven years. They may be summed up in one word — disillusion.

In pre-Saorstát days we lived in an atmosphere of illusion regarding our nation, our people, and our country. Ireland was our Róisín Dubh, our beautiful one, our queen, without stain, without blemish. She was always right. She could not err. She was impeccable, infallible. Or she was the Seana Bhean Bhocht,—the Poor Old Woman,—the wronged, the persecuted, the despoiled. The conceptions are undoubtedly splendid. None the less, they are merely poetical illusions regarding a people — thrilling as an inspiration for poets and orators, unsafe fancies for politicians and statesmen.

We conceived of ourselves as the finest people on earth, the bravest, most heroic, most steadfast, most patriotic. And was not our country 'first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea'? All of which is stimulating, and not harmful, unless it be the expression of an exaggerated pride and an empty vanity. Pride, vanity, and exaggerated national ego are not virtues, but faults. If asked to sum up

[1] From the *Irish Tribune* (Cork current-affairs weekly), *June* 25

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in one word the cause of our people's fall into the monstrous crime called Civil War, we should name Pride.

The storms of revolution and civil strife cleared the atmosphere of many illusions. Mists that clouded our vision have been dispersed by the storms. We see ourselves in a clearer light. We certainly see our follies and crimes and errors. If the perception of them and the confession of them lead to humility, to contrition, to firm purpose of amendment, the tearing away of the illusions was for our soul's good. It is doubtful, however, if all are chastened, or recognize the hand of Justice in what has happened. And the diseases of cynicism and pessimism show new dangers — the danger of violent reaction from one mood to another, blindness of vision to the existence of goodness and truth, exaggeration of the crimes and follies of our people.

The simile of the prodigal who has had his night out and is sick the morning after is applicable to our condition and state of mind. We have had our bout of violent excitement in Ireland, our period of intoxication. We are yet under the influence of the reactions that follow such a period — the stage of irritability, faultfinding, disgust with ourselves and the world. The great heroic feelings that were aroused by excitement of enthusiasms are recognized to have been unstable. Lights that led us were illusions, born of our own fancies. Our wealth — moral, mental, and material — has been squandered. The world is not the pleasant place we thought it. We shiver in the cold of the day of realization. The mood is melancholic, tending to exaggerate trifles that annoy.

First steps to recovery are the rejection of cynicism and pessimism and the injection of faith and hope. Faith and hope are essential to an individual, or to a people, who would do anything worthy in the world. Faith and hope are a necessity to secure any modicum of happiness. Faith and hope will reinvigorate and give strength and courage in time. The will must be nourished — not by heroic acts, but by simple acts of patience. There are some who would give the patient further strong doses of excitement — 'a tail of the dog that bit him.' Such doses would be his undoing. He will accomplish no heroic deeds till his strength is restored and his vitality reëstablished.

What are the grounds for faith and hope in the state of Ireland? We shall put them on a bedrock basis. There is, firstly, the general truth that no people is utterly evil, utterly helpless, powerless, wrong-headed, despicable. There are possibilities of good and evil in man. The good can be fostered and the evil minimized. There is, secondly, the particular truth that, though Ireland is not a land of all saints and scholars, heroes and geniuses, neither is it a land of all sinners and dunces, cowards and ignoramuses. As the poets were astray in seeing only our virtues, the cynics are astray in seeing only our vices. As the ultraoptimists were mistaken in thinking fate was to accomplish everything for us, the pessimists are mistaken in thinking we can do nothing for ourselves to overcome despair. There is, thirdly, hope in the knowledge that other nations have gone through experiences somewhat similar to ours and have emerged to strength and life. We have faith in our country if for no other reason than that some four millions of human beings, living together as one community, cannot be utterly helpless, powerless, without ability or energy, and must possess potentialities of advancement in all the attributes that ennoble mankind. We have hope in our people because we believe they have, as a community, displayed intelligence and aptness and

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adaptability to circumstances on several occasions. The croaker is abroad. He is loud-voiced and persistent. He has the ear of the public on platform and in the press. But he does not represent the real heart of the people. He is popular, of course, because he panders to that feeling we all indulge in, now and again, of blaming someone else for our own failures and disappointments. (In our secret heart we recognize how many of our failures are due to ourselves.) The croaker has no faith, no hope, no vision, no trust — nothing but cynicism, nothing but pessimism, nothing but the blankest of blank criticism. It is necessary to squelch him, to scarify him, to hiss and boot him off the stage of Irish life. Faith, hope, trust, confidence in ourselves, must be reëstablished. Patience with the mass of the people, yes! No heroics and no hymns of hate. Patriotism is love, not hatred — love of the people, love of all the people, not of parties or sections or cliques or classes. Violence of any kind is not the best expression of patriotism. Its best expression is found in the performance of one's ordinary duties to the community in a spirit of self-sacrifice and not from selfish or venal motives.

'What does Ireland want?' has often been asked in other days, with a sneer. Whatever Ireland may have wanted in those days, it is certain that what it needs most of all to-day is faith, hope, confidence, trust — the banishment of pessimism, cynicism, and despair. A preliminary to any upbuilding and any advance is the crushing out of the croaker and the smashing of the cynic.

THE GENERAL STRIKE IN HISTORY [1]

BY MEREDITH ATKINSON

As an idea the general strike has a curious and significant history. First conceived in the troublous years of England's young industrial system, when the workers had still to win the elemental rights of free association and popular suffrage, its irruption into the fully grown economic society of the twentieth century is deserving of some study.

After the Act of 1825 bestowed the formal right of combination and collective bargaining upon both masters and men there ensued a considerable outburst of trade-union activity in most industrial districts, culminating about 1830 in a short revolutionary epoch, largely inspired by the teachings of Robert Owen. Early in 1834 Owen founded what was the first attempt to establish the 'One Big Union,' now so prominent a part of the teaching of the Syndicalists. This he called the 'Grand National Consolidated Trades-Unions of Great Britain and Ireland,' totaling nearly a million members — a very remarkable figure for that age. No wonder the Government was seriously

[1] From the *Nineteenth Century and After* (London Conservative monthly), *June*

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alarmed, especially as Owen followed the secret-society model of the unions formed in the days of suppression. The Grand National aimed at a combination of all the workers in all the trades in the country. The reasons for its success being so short-lived are interesting in the light of recent happenings. It provoked immediate countermeasures, first on the part of the Government and secondly on that of the employers. The Government revived an Act of George III to prove the illegality of its initiation ceremonies, which involved the administration of an oath. Harsh sentences were inflicted, including that upon the six Dorchester laborers — of seven years' transportation. The employers, again, were impelled to a combination for self-defense, and by a succession of lockouts inflicted heavy sectional defeats which greatly damaged the Grand National. All idea of a successful general strike was abandoned. The trade-unions agitated fruitlessly against the Government's action, and instituted a series of strikes which ultimately ended in the collapse of the movement. In August 1834 the Grand National decided to change its name to 'The British and Foreign Consolidated Association of Industry, Humanity, and Knowledge,' to abandon all forms of secret ceremony in conformity with the law of the land, and to apply for a charter from the Government. It set aside part of its funds for the establishment of coöperative workshops, whereby the workers could become their own employers. Owen flamboyantly declared this change of policy to be the beginning of a new world 'in which truth, industry, and knowledge will forever reign triumphant.'

Although these grandiose schemes came to nothing, this period of trade-unionism left within the body of the Labor movement the twin ideas of the revolutionary general strike and working-class control of industry, which were not to come to full birth until the Syndicalist movement of the twentieth century. In the long interval the former has been kept alive by the Anarchists, like Bakunin, and the Socialist Communists, like Karl Marx. The latter has been largely overlaid by the doctrines of State Socialism, whereby the State is envisaged as employer and controller instead of the producer. After the collapse of Chartism in 1848 the existing structure of industrial society was accepted without question by the trade-union movement, whose programme became purely reformist, being even milder than Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's 'Radical Programme' of the eighties. The strike method, of course, was constantly in evidence, but unsupported by any social philosophy and unidentified with revolutionary intent. Social legislation, parliamentary representation, state and municipal enterprise, consumers' coöperation, and a very limited field of producers' coöperation — these exhaust the category of practical activities pursued by the leaders of British labor. Up to a generation ago the Labor movement gave no sign of being fundamentally critical of the industrial system. Enlightened public opinion, as expressed by the Royal Commission on Labor reporting in 1894, had by then not only accepted trade-unionism as a normal institution, but even regarded its intensive organization with complacency as a potential blessing in reducing the frequency of strikes, though widening their area. The actual words of the Commission's Report read strangely now, after a Great War and a general strike have passed into history: —

When both sides in a trade are strongly organized and in possession of considerable financial resources, a trade conflict, when it

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does occur, may be on a very large scale, very protracted, and very costly. But just as any modern war between any two great European States, costly though it is, seems to represent a higher state of civilization than the incessant local fights and predatory raids which occur in times or places where Governments are less strong and centralized, so, on the whole, an occasion of great trade conflict breaking in upon years of peace seems to be preferable to continued local bickerings, stoppages of work, and petty conflicts.

These are brave and tolerant words, but their ultimate implications were but vaguely apprehended at the time they were written. The half-century ending in 1894 comprised the entire history of trade-unionism of the more modern type. The first half of the period witnessed the steady, though gradual, increase in the number of unions and their members, but without any spectacular development or fundamental change. The trade boom of the seventies was reflected in a remarkable growth of unionism, while the severe depression of the eighties brought equivalent retrogression and disaster. The last decade of the century saw the influence of collectivism assuming great power over the unions, most of their leaders having accepted the doctrines of State Socialism and parliamentary representation. The unskilled labor of the docks, the land, and elsewhere was gradually drawn within the orbit of unionism, and by 1900 the total number of trade-unionists in the United Kingdom was just under two millions — still not quite twenty-five per cent of the adult male manual workers. In 1920 the comparative figures were over six millions and more than twelve per cent. In eight years trade-union membership actually doubled.

What, in this latter period, was happening to the strike method? The figures published by the Board of Trade do not bear out the somewhat optimistic anticipations expressed in the Royal Commission's Report quoted above. Omitting the years of the war, we find that the industrial history of this century shows an almost unbroken increase in the number of disputes beginning in each year — from 355 in 1904 to 1715 in 1920. Another remarkable fact is that the number of workers indirectly involved does not increase appreciably, while the number directly involved increases greatly, though unevenly. The total number of working days lost, while naturally more uneven still, shows huge increases for certain years, commencing with 1908, when it was 10,834,189, being nearly as great in 1910 and 1911, and no less than 40,914,675 in 1912, 34,903,000 in 1919, and 27,011,000 in 1920. From these figures certain important deductions may fairly be made. The steady growth of trade-unionism has made for a more or less corresponding increase in the number of disputes and the number of workpeople directly involved, while the years of phenomenal increase in the total number of working days lost have nearly all been years showing an increased number of disputes. Curiously enough, however, the actual results of the disputes show a decided tendency toward compromise and conciliation as a method of settlement. Thus we may legitimately conclude that the intensification of trade-union organization favors the increasing use of the strike method, while it also facilitates the round-table solution.

In short, the general strike seems to be the inevitable culmination of big trade-unionism arrayed against big business, just as the rival armaments and alliances of world Powers ended in the Great War. And just as the German theory of *Weltpolitik* supplied the militarist with his philosophy of the desired end, so there arose a philosophy of the general strike which exercised

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incalculable influence upon working-class thought and organization throughout the world, greatly assisted by the disturbing effects of the war. This creed, generally known as 'Syndicalism,' is too familiar to require general description. It is only with its relation to the general strike policy that we are immediately concerned. The Syndicalists or revolutionary trade-unionists of France have simply translated the Anarchist-Communist idea of a violent political revolution into terms of industrial rebellion, in which the proletariat, by 'downing tools' and using any necessary force, would paralyze the bourgeois economic system and permanently take over its capital and functions as the fruits of victory. One set of prophets predicts the 'wildfire' form of strike, spreading rapidly from small and unplanned beginnings; the other describes a declaration of industrial war following upon elaborate strategic preparations. The extreme theorists of the French school regard the general strike as an inspiring 'myth' to keep the workers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and courage. These we may dismiss, and address ourselves to the more important matter of the practicability of the various forms of general strike advocated, and in some cases effected, in recent years.

The general strike against war, so frequently debated by trade-union and Socialist congresses during the last half-century, need not detain us. The outbreak of the Great War found the degree of international solidarity attained by labor utterly inadequate to such a demonstration, and the various revolutions and counter-revolutions of the post-war period have exposed the same lack of unity. The meagre support afforded to the British strikers by foreign trade-unions a few weeks ago points in the same direction.

The so-called 'political' general strike brings us at last into the sphere of actuality. Its aim is to compel the State, embodied in the Government, to effect some specific political reform. It is therefore not at all revolutionary in principle or objective. Belgium has witnessed three cases of this type of general strike within the last three decades, all of them aiming at franchise reform. The first won considerable success, for it had the advantage of strategic surprise and novelty, and greatly alarmed the bourgeoisie. The second was a failure, largely owing to the lack of these advantages. The third strike, in 1913, produced certain reforms, but rather because public opinion was more or less ripe for them, and certainly not through any fear inspired by the strike or due to the economic paralysis which it temporarily occasioned. A similar strike in Sweden in 1902 succeeded in its limited aim, the withdrawal of a Government Bill, but it may be classed with all such strikes as a political mass demonstration to secure a certain immediate end of a nonmaterial and noneconomic character.

The border line between the political and the economic general strike is often hard to define. The general strike in Holland in 1903 aimed at preventing the passing of antistrike legislation in regard to the public services. Its complete failure bears no particular lesson for us. Very different, however, is the case of the famous Swedish strike of 1909, though even here deduction may prove too dangerously tempting. The main points that emerge are the intensity and closeness of the organizations of both capital and labor in Sweden, the limited industrialism of the country as compared with the agrarian population, the intimate relation between the Socialist Party and the trade-unions, the entire absence of violence,

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the prohibition of the sale of alcohol, and the firm and skillful handling of the situation by the Government. The dispute was almost purely over wages in various trades. A series of local strikes and lockouts, followed by unsuccessful government arbitration, ended in a general lockout being anticipated by the declaration of a general strike. Various trades supplying essential services were expressly excepted, as in the recent British strike. All efforts to induce the farm laborers to join the strike were unsuccessful — a serious matter to the unions, since the agricultural laborers of Sweden number three times the industrial workers. Volunteers, therefore, came from every quarter, and, after the first temporary shock to economic life, a week saw the country assuming an almost normal appearance. The most vital lesson of the Swedish strike seems to me to be its demonstration of the supreme importance of the arithmetical relation between the nonindustrial and the industrial classes in a general strike. The greater the disparity in favor of the agrarian and bourgeois classes, the more doubtful of success a general strike becomes. A few years ago such a strike in New Zealand was wholly defeated by the mobilization of the farming class as volunteers.

Another obvious guiding principle is the national temperament and character of the people involved. The trade-unions of Latin countries are notoriously liable to sudden strikes and violent methods, with more or less declared revolutionary aims. The Latin temperament, impatient of the painful effort entailed by steady organization, follows its instinctive impulses toward revolutionary action without calculation of the results. Such a movement occurred in Italy in 1904 in resistance to the government use of troops against strikers, with some fatal results. The revolutionary outbreaks of Italian labor after the war ended in the characteristically Latin reaction of Fascismo. The extreme form of such outbreaks is seen in Spain, where they are very common and have no deeper significance than minor political revolutions, registering themselves in no permanent changes. At the other extreme lies the German trade-union movement, to which the general strike policy has never made much appeal. Most mixed in character have been the French attempts at general strikes. From 1909 up to the outbreak of war various partial strikes which took place had assumed a somewhat alarming character. The French railway strike of 1910 led to the General Federation of Labor declaring a general strike. This was met by the celebrated mobilization order of M. Briand, which put a sensational end to what had developed from a purely industrial dispute into a revolutionary movement. Again a typically Latin course of events.

To return to the evolution of the general strike conception and practice in Great Britain. A whole web of influences is concerned in the peculiar British development of the policy. As an idea it seems to have first found theoretical expression on the Clyde in 1905, in a more or less close copy of the theories of French Syndicalism and the American I. W. W. In 1912 a pamphlet was published in South Wales called *The Miners' Next Step*, advocating a general strike as the instrument of revolution, whereby the control of industry could be wrested from the bourgeoisie and placed in the hands of the industrial workers. In the interval between those years the main developments in trade-union structure had been toward industrial unionism as against craft unionism, involving large masses of unskilled workers, or alter-

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natively a number of sectional trades in a single large industry, such as the railways and the mines. Thus have arisen the great industrial federations, like those constituting the triple alliance formed just before the war — railwaymen, miners, and transport workers. This alliance, as everybody knows, failed to hold together in face of a crucial test of its renewed unity after the war.

But the movement toward unified action persisted unchecked, partly as the endeavor to bring about some form of general combination, and also as a search for a form of control of the whole trade-union movement which could ensure the necessary discipline to order and effect united action in any crisis. The latter objective was consummated in a way little understood by the general public, to whom it meant so much. The main bodies of the British Labor movement are the Trade-Union Congress, the Labor Party, and the General Federation of Trade-Unions. The last was formed in 1899 to accomplish a labor combine of national scope, but it has degenerated into an uninfluential body charged with the task of maintaining funds for insuring the weaker unions against the entire depletion of their strike funds. The Labor Party is entirely political and parliamentary, but it has preserved until recently a curious relationship with the Trade-Union Congress through the latter's Parliamentary Committee. This committee was presumed to be the guardian of the political interests of the Labor movement, but it was, in action, independent of the Trade-Union Congress and the Labor Party.

The railway strike of 1919 brought together a body of trade-union leaders expressly assembled to negotiate more effectually with the Government. The Parliamentary Committee was now led to present to the special Trade-Union Congress in December 1919 a report in which the need for something like the long-discussed 'General Staff' for labor was suggested. The special Congress actually resolved: —

> That in view of the imperative need and demand for a central coördinating body representative of the whole trade-union movement, and capable of efficiently dealing with industrial questions of national importance, the Parliamentary Committee be instructed to revise the standing orders of Congress in such a manner as is necessary to secure the following changes in the functions and duties of the executive body elected by Congress: —
>
> 1. To substitute for the Parliamentary Committee, Trade-Union Congress, a General Council to be elected annually by Congress.
>
> 2. To prepare a scheme determining the position and methods of election of the General Council.
>
> 3. To make arrangements for the development of administrative departments in the office of the General Council in the direction of securing the necessary officials, staff, and equipment to secure an efficient trade-union centre.

The Congress which met in September 1920 made the necessary arrangements that finally gave effect to this resolution. In the meantime there had come into existence, with something like a sensation, the 'Council of Action,' whose main objective was the stoppage of the war of intervention against Soviet Russia, the resumption of full commercial relations with Russia, and *de jure* recognition of the Soviet Government. The fifteen members of this Council were appointed by the Parliamentary Committee of Congress, the executive of the Labor Party, and the parliamentary Labor Party. The Council summoned a National Conference of the existing executives of all unions that were members of the Congress or the Labor Party. This action undoubtedly facilitated the ratification

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by the Trade-Union Congress a month later of the main outlines of the scheme for a General Council. In place of the Parliamentary Committee, a General Council of thirty-two was decided upon, representative of eighteen industrial groups, including women's unions, which were to be represented by two women.

It is doubtful whether the parliamentary Labor Party realized the full significance of this fundamental change in the method of directing the policy of the movement. Labor M. P.'s from now onward could constitute but a fraction of the new body of control. Those who were trade-union officials could be fairly sure of election by their group, but any others could attend the Council meetings only by invitation. There is no doubt that the decision to call a general strike last month was rendered possible chiefly owing to the strong industrial complexion of the General Council. And the reassertion of moderate counsels almost as certainly came from the Labor politicians whose influence the formation of the Council had so greatly diluted.

We return, then, to our thesis that the general strike was implicit in the growth of large-scale trade-unionism, and the inevitable result of big industrial organization developed in the atmosphere of the theory of the class war. It remains to be seen whether the clear lessons indicated by the various failures of the method will be fully taken to heart. The foregoing account has shown how much the application of the method may vary according to national history and temperament, the immediate motive of the strike, the manner of its conduct and development, and the state of public opinion on the issues raised. As a lightning mass demonstration with a particularized objective it has possibilities in certain countries. As a purely revolutionary method, aiming at a fundamental reorganization of the State, it has no future — except possibly in circumstances of an unbelievable reaction toward mass misery. And even then highly organized States like Germany and oligarchies like Soviet Russia have shown themselves easily capable of successful suppression. The orderliness of the Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, and Scandinavian national characters tells as strongly against the success of the general strike as a political and economic method of reform and revolution as does the disorderly Latin or Russian temperament by reason of the stern reactions it provokes.

The question as to whether the recent British strike was political or economic in character may easily mislead us into a too academic discussion. One of the advocates of the general strike method, Mr. Gerald Gould, has written that 'what it is necessary to remember is that what a strike develops into does not wholly depend on what it starts from: the distinction between the industrial and the political strike is largely illusory.' What was very notable in this strike was the extreme anxiety of the leaders to refute the statement that it was revolutionary or anticonstitutional in character. That it was not so intended by the leaders may be taken for granted, but it is equally certain that it must inevitably become so from the very nature of the practical process which it involves. Constitutional government cannot but resist it. As commonly happens in wars, the immediate cause tends to be forgotten in the events that crowd into the foreground of the struggle. Still worse, the aftermath of a strike on such a scale almost always presents far more difficulties and problems than the original cause. However ethical the motive with which it may commence,

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it is bound to develop an atmosphere charged with unethical ideas and passion-fed prejudices. Further, the process of resumption of work is bound to be marked by vexatious disputes about 'victimization' and the unavoidable unemployment of a certain percentage of men. Such controversies must be greatly intensified when a general strike involves, as was recently the case, deliberate breaches of contracts and agreements by large numbers of trade-unionists.

We may conclude that modern industrialism, by the identical processes which have made the general strike possible, has rendered it incapable of any considerable success. A highly disciplined and well-organized nation at once determines what it can do without for the time being, recruits and trains armies of volunteers with little difficulty to run essential portions of the industrial mechanism, and, having once improvised such a 'spare' organization, regards every repetition of the emergency with increased assurance. The recent strike exhibited very clearly how readily an industrial civilization offers compensations and substitutes for the temporary loss of any of its functioning parts. The partial extinction of the press was largely compensated for by the use of broadcasting. Oil-driven vehicles took the place of coal transport to an extraordinary degree, private cars and airplanes playing a very large part. All such developments are bound to be greater, not less, in any future struggle. The Government's expressed intention of inquiring into the best means of making permanent such an antistrike organization clearly shows what is likely to happen in future. Moreover, even if a general strike were to last any length of time, from its very nature the General Council of the Trade-Union Congress would be compelled to make the public, including itself, suffer the utmost possible loss in the endeavor to secure victory. The Government, by the same token, must always appear as the savior of the public, resisting a régime of force. The fact that such successful resistance could be made by so preponderantly an industrial nation as the British, in which the nonmanual workers are in a great minority, makes the future prospects of the general strike method very unpromising. On the other hand, the remarkable solidarity exhibited by the millions of trade-unionists involved suggests the appearance in our national life of an extraordinary power, which may be turned to the nation's advantage if it can be persuaded to constructive uses. If the intelligence, the experience, and the organization accumulated by generations of trade-unions can be directed into channels of industrial coöperation, and away from the illusions of violence and upheaval, the late general strike may not altogether be reckoned a calamity.

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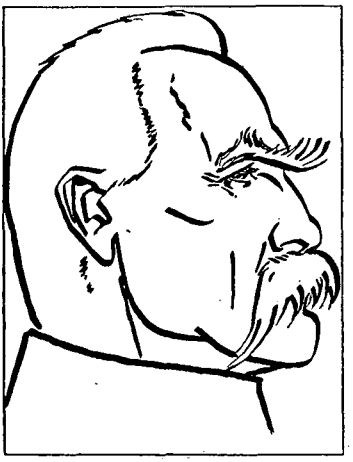
EUROPE'S POLITICAL HEADS

'Do they look as funny as their names?' must be a question that has agitated every American reader of the *Living Age* who has been following the activities of men like Pilsudski, Beneš, Blum, and Primo de Rivera. In the following pages Europe's cartoonists reply in a strong affirmative, and at the same time give us a more human idea of certain public men.

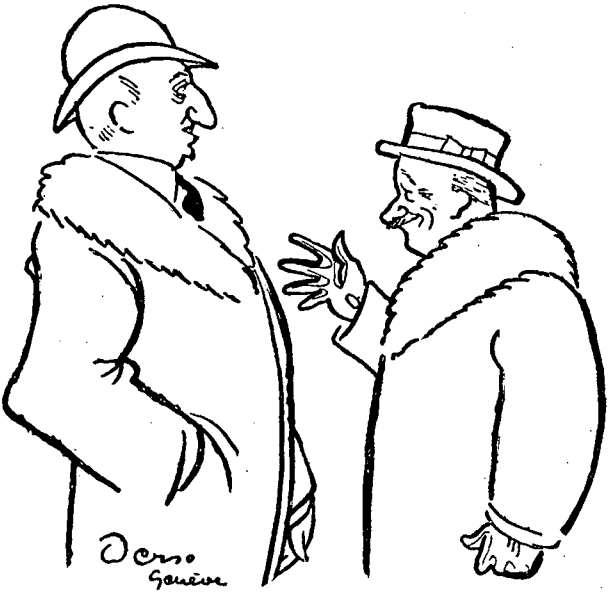
The slender gentleman with the protruding lower lip at the foot of this column is so thin that there is no room to describe him under his picture. He is the world's champion monkey-wrench thrower, having served as Brazilian delegate to the League Council, where he vetoed Germany's entrance into that exclusive body.



JOSEF PILSUDSKI

Dictator of Poland, Mussolini of the North

SENHOR MELLO-FRANCO



NINČIČ AND BENEŠ

Foreign Ministers of Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia

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GEORGII CHICHERIN

If we are to believe what our State Department says, the Foreign Minister of Russia is every bit as sly as he looks.

AFFONSO DA COSTA

The Portuguese representative to the League of Nations, who was also Chairman at the last session.

ADMIRAL HORTHY

The Regent of Hungary was once as bluff a sea dog as any, but there are some who now say that only the bluff is left. He double-crossed the late ex-Emperor Karl's attempt at a coup d'état.

ANDRÉ TARDIEU

Clemenceau's right-hand man now holds the Division of Public Works portfolio in Poincaré's All-Star Cabinet. He has visited the United States on an important war-time mission.

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COUNT BETHLEN

The ears of the Hungarian Premier and Geneva representative were boxed during the last session of the League of Nations, his *emigré* assailant escaping uncaricatured.

LÉON BLUM

The French Socialist leader opposes any further enrichment of 'Capitalist America,' but like all members of his Party he can talk on other subjects too.

PRIMO DE RIVERA

'Little Mike' is the impertinent nickname of the genial general who lays down the law in Spain.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Having won the general strike single-handed, he is now coöperating with Secretary Mellon in search of substitutes for the word 'liar.'

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PORTUGAL IN REVOLUTION [1]

BY VICTOR AUBURTIN

I. THE STORM-CLOUDS GATHER

REVOLUTION, which is chronic in Portugal, has reached one of its explosive phases. It has been latent for months in recurrent parliamentary crises; but this time it is a revolt against Parliament itself — a typical case of turning from constitutional to dictatorial government. But it is military, not monarchistic; a republican army has mutinied against a republican Parliament.

Portugal's Parliament deserves its fate, and no one will mourn at its grave. A visitor at one of its sessions will scarcely forget the experience — nothing but petty nagging, gossip about corruption or counterfeiting, proceedings conducted without the slightest suggestion of dignity or solemnity, the Premier slouching in his armchair with his hands in his pocket and a lighted cigarette dangling lazily from his mouth.

To-day all Southern Europe has practically rid itself of elective legislators, and dictators are given a chance to show if they can do better than their gossipy predecessors. We now have abundant examples of how to make dictators; but nobody has seen yet how to overthrow them — generally with blood.

As I write these lines Portugal is on the edge between parliamentary and one-man government. They say that the people put Mussolini in office in Italy, and that they have passively permitted Primo de Rivera to seize power in Spain because — and perhaps rightly — they considered football and bullfights more important than politics. But in Portugal politics is the national sport, and when a Portuguese can't talk about the Government he explodes. At Lisbon you can always find a great crowd of well-dressed gentlemen sitting in front of any café on the Rocio, excitedly discussing politics, while mounted policemen ride slowly up and down the street with guns in their hands. In this respect Portugal differs from either Spain or Italy.

Everybody knows, however, that there is to be a march on Lisbon. General Gomez da Costa has raised the flag of revolt in the north and has been joined by the garrisons throughout the country. But several days have passed and General da Costa has not yet come. What delays him? Meanwhile the Generals are conferring, for this is not a one-man movement. A triumvirate — Gomez da Costa, Cabeçades, and Ochoa — is at its head. But whenever three Portuguese get together they are of three opinions. So the triumvirs are calling upon each other in flag-bedecked automobiles, and rumors are already abroad that General Fragoso Carmona is to take Señor Ochoa's place.

The President of the Republic, who tried to make a deal with General Cabeçades, has been forced to resign. There is no Cabinet, no Parliament, no Constitution. Worried politicians call this chaos. But chaos does not prevent

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *June* 11, 16

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the tramcars from running punctually, the post office and the telegraph from maintaining their usual service, and thousands of government clerks from scratching their pens busily across white paper. The machine is running without an engineer — who perhaps is not an indispensable functionary after all. That seems to be the idea of General da Costa and his colleagues. He intends to march into Lisbon at the head of thirty thousand men and to set up a sort of Cabinet of specialists, who are to run the Government's business for a few months and give the country a breathing spell. Then we are promised a new election in Portugal — naturally under the control of the troops.

A majority of the people approve this programme. They trust the General, who is a respectable gentleman and probably has the best intentions. But there are obstacles. The powerful Radical Party, which has governed the country for years, is merely expelled by the closing of Parliament and is not dead. It has not even taken to cover, but is debating as noisily as ever in front of the cafés. The press is still free and critical.

II. THE STORM BREAKS

General da Costa has at last decided to march into Lisbon with his troops, in order to put an end to dillydallying. 'The parliamentary system has outlived its day,' he says. 'What we need is a real national government, which will enable the State to fulfill its ideal mission [whatever that may be] on a basis of justice and honor. But only the army can create such a government; only the army can give the citizen liberty — safe and sane liberty of the kind he needs.'

For this reason the General plans to march into Lisbon at the head of his troops. Besides, it must be a pleasant experience to march into Lisbon at the head of an army — an experience that a man does not have every day of his life. This thought has doubtless passed through General Gomez da Costa's mind, and he has marshaled all the regiments of Portugal outside the city gates.

You get the best view of Lisbon from the upper platform of the elevator that ascends from Rua Aurea, or Golden Street, to the Alcantara quarter. I am writing these lines standing on that platform. What a glorious city! Truly a golden city, its thousand windows glittering in the midday sun, its streets surging with life and movement clear down to the distant harbor, where fat Hamburg steamers lie on the water, surrounded by little boats and looking for all the world like hens with broods of chickens. Surely a city worth fighting for!

But how remarkably rugged and irregular is this ancient town! Everything goes up and down. Will the reader kindly picture to himself the little square almost at my feet where perhaps a squadron of cavalry has halted? Perpendicularly above that square rises a high hill. All that a Portuguese who cherishes different political opinions from those of General da Costa would need to do is to stand on the hill above the squadron of cavalry and drop a stick of dynamite. Then there are narrow, chasmlike streets where counterdemonstrations might easily be organized. And what may be going on in all those palaces and houses whose ground-floor shops are barred and shuttered? How many cellars there are in which to hide hand grenades and machine guns! I ponder on this and think I understand why the victorious General hesitates.

For eight days General Gomez da Costa and his army have camped outside the city at Sacavem, and every day

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we have been told he was coming tomorrow, and he did not come. Then it was definitely announced that he would march in at six A.M. on Sunday. No, not in the morning, but in the evening. But when the good citizens of Lisbon read the programme of the ceremony on Sunday morning, they discovered with surprise and disappointment that, after all, the General was not planning to come into Lisbon, but merely to ride up to the entrance of the city and ride back again. There was to be no formal entry, but, instead, a big review outside the gates, with grand stands and military music. That would be very fine, after all, and every citizen of Lisbon was asked to come out and see the show.

So the good people of Lisbon have gone forth by the tens of thousands to see their dictator and liberator, who would not come to them. Before they did so, the Prefect of Police issued a reassuring manifesto telling them not to worry — nobody would hurt them. The ceremony was to be a bloodless one.

And indeed this has been a remarkable day in the history of the dictators, who, it is now hoped, will soon lay down their task — a day that may prove in the event that it is not such a simple matter for soldier men to make a country happy. Several modern avenues extend from Lisbon into the surrounding country, like our big boulevards. Athwart them lies Sardahna Plaza, a half-hour's walk from the centre of the city. The General was scheduled to ride as far as this Plaza and then return, and soldiers were lined up along the way.

Apparently, however, there were not quite enough troops to reach to the Plaza proper, and for a thousand feet or so their place was taken by a cordon of police. A huge throng of citizens packed Sardahna Plaza and waited. I myself was there, right where the cordon ended, and saw this remarkable incident which the papers have failed to report; for the regular reporters rode in automobiles as part of the procession, and lost the best of the show.

About six o'clock the long column advanced slowly up the avenue toward the city. The General did not ride at its head, but third or fourth place back, and was surrounded by his staff officers. You had to look sharp to identify him from his pictures, which were published in all the papers. He and all his staff carried their unsheathed swords perpendicularly in front of them. The people in the windows and the balconies shouted and clapped their hands; for the average citizen always gets enthusiastic when he sees a general on horseback, especially if the general carries an unsheathed sword.

At the point where the cordon of troops ended, the procession halted. It now had to pass along a thousand feet of less securely guarded avenue, at the end of which was the huge Plaza, with a great crowd of people whose political opinions and intentions had not been unequivocally expressed. So the General simply about-faced at that point. He let the populace in Sardahna Plaza keep its political opinions to itself, and rode straight back down the avenue, in front of the same houses he had passed before, with the same shouting people on the balconies; for the good citizens of Lisbon always grow enthusiastic when they see a general riding by, no matter whether he is going forward or backward.

General Gomez da Costa — pronounce it Coshta — has a typical general's face — hard-bitten, stern, intelligent, with eyes that always seem to be looking for something. It is the face that we see in the portraits of many military commanders. Cæsar, the Great Elector, Condé, Marlborough, Fred-

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erick the Great, had similar features, but an even greater warrior, Napoleon, had not.

During the World War General Costa fought in the African colonies of Portugal, Germany, and England, trying to handle our German General Lettow. He has written a book about it which the publishers are pushing as hard as possible just now, while the iron is hot. I have read the book, hoping to find something sensational, for we journalists, thank God! have not found real sensations at Lisbon. It is the calm, serious work of a good soldier, without emphasis or perspective — little more than a diary of his daily marches. He hardly mentions the enemy. When he does so, it is as he would mention any other soldiers. But one sentence — the concluding sentence of the preface — caught my eye. It was: 'The highest and noblest task of man is war.'

A LESSON IN PORTUGUESE[1]

BY VALÉRY LARBAUD

THE temptation was too strong. It made me forget my good resolutions, my firm resolve to forbid myself any more adventures of this sort at my age, which is no longer the time for wild ideas and caprices. But here I am, past forty, learning a new language.

As long as I lived far from the country where the language was spoken I resisted the temptation, because it presented itself simply in a theoretical, even a utopian, aspect. Not without effort did I persuade myself, when a book or a magazine written in this tongue passed under my eyes, that I could read the text before me only after long hours of labor. But now that I have gone to the country where this language is spoken, the temptation presents itself in a practical, irresistible way. I must cure this isolating deafness in the midst of a life that surrounds me, speaks to me, and that I want to question. All this is enough to justify my impulse to embark upon this philological adventure.

What I want to do is to set down here the sensations, while they are still fresh in my mind, of the first phases one passes through in conquering a new language by memory and sensibility. I have observed at close range, and with more detachment and more clearness than I have ever been capable of before during the first flush of linguistic passion, the movements and the reactions that we feel in coming into contact with a foreign syntax and vocabulary. Here are an interesting field of observation and a body of literary material that are far from negligible. For the process of learning any language is a little like the developments of a love affair. Paul Claudel made one of his characters say, 'I have grasped this woman like a science.' I know people who can say, 'I have learned this language as one gains the love of a woman.'

[1] From *La Nouvelle Revue Française* (Paris literary monthly), *June*

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There is first the phase of complete indifference. In speaking a language very much like the one we are learning we gesticulate and reproduce certain noises to make ourselves understood. That is enough. But as soon as the desire to acquire this intellectual wealth is formed, we can no longer endure being unable to hear or understand, and we are like lovers, for whom any means are good that bring us to our lady, and to whom no road appears too long or tedious that leads us to her presence. Many such roads are open to us: the dictionary, newspapers, the grammar that we largely avoid — for we are not scholars — and that we use only to discover certain puzzling obscurities as they present themselves to us.

To tell the truth, the Portuguese that we see in the newspaper is rather repulsive. If we did not feel that the journalist is in a professional position of power, how insipid and distressing this veritable cloud-burst would seem — an unrelieved, colorless stream of words forgotten as soon as they are read! Messy, turgid, defaced! At length it reminds us of an old coin, worn almost smooth, its indistinct markings vulgarized and half effaced by the routine of constant use.

But we must also reckon on luck. If Minerva is going to protect us, she will place us in front of a store containing the book of our salvations — the book that will carry us along with the vigor of its thought and style to the complete conquest of our linguistic fortunes. It will be the book which, in ignorance of our good luck, we carry home saying to ourselves: 'I will read ten pages a day for a week; then fifteen pages the following week; then each week I will double my dose of this medicine against deafness and dumbness.' But, behold, the book is so fascinating that I cannot rest in peace until I have finished reading it. At the end of a hundred and fifty pages I give long rests to my slave the dictionary, and the fascination of the last twenty pages has carried me brilliantly along, without recourse to the slave, whom I have consulted only in exceptional cases, and whom, in fact, I am already beginning to despise.

We now know that a great deal of a new literature is at our disposal. It is as if we had studied the list of the stock exchange, telephoned our bankers, and, in a few hours, had made a hundred thousand francs; and we begin to recognize, one after another, words which we have read in the book — brilliantly colored words, skillfully employed in the language of the people with whom we have dealings and talk to in street and café. We discover their system of pronunciation and try to imitate it, but this contact with the spoken language brings with it many surprising gifts. Look here: this *o* is pronounced like *ou*; that word has its accent on the antepenult; and the first syllable of this one is mute. Who would not have known it? But this other one — you give a *sh* sound to the *s* followed by a consonant — possesses an unexpected allure; and finally — ah, there you are in the midst of the spoken language, and you rein in your little infinitives that have so often kicked up their heels.

Then one goes back to books again, and begins to apply to the text the rules of pronunciation learned in talking. The procession of words that used to file by in silence now begins to sing to us. The word that we hardly noticed makes itself distinctly heard, halts our progress, makes us put it in its place in the acoustical balance of the sentence. A new word appears, music in hand, like a singer on the stage of a small theatre. I take in everything that is going on, scanning

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the features of the actors. I am already able to pass judgment on their physique, to find in this one a certain charm, in that one a certain beauty; and I give them a little applause.

Often there are certain characters on the stage — perhaps it is a turn of phrase, a verb with its complementary clause placed in a peculiar manner — that surprise me. Well done, you acrobats! Or maybe, when some pretty little expression dances across the scene, I, the public, want to cry out: 'Bravo! Bis! Encore! *Brava, ole tu madre!*'

Or it may also happen that we are distressed by the weakness of some expression, by the ineptitude of some turn, by its lack of grace, or by its vulgarity or platitudinous quality. You lack originality, word that means 'original.' You look too much like your linguistic brother across the border. At least you should be a little more different, either written or spoken — but you are not. You, who come from India, ought to have kept a little more of your frankly exotic air. Your Latin flavor gives *you* a false air of nobility. At bottom you are frightfully barbarian. The meaning assumed by this other one, of Greek or German origin, is really misleading, bizarre, scandalous, suitable only for a collection of freaks. It was not worth making such a long voyage in space and time over the lips of so many generations.

The adventure in the course of which I received these impressions took place in Portugal, and it is a Portuguese troupe that has been playing on the stage of my linguistic theatre.

I was all eyes and ears, all attention and respect, knowing well that the elements of a great literary language were here, a language whose vocabulary and syntax have been developed by some of the greatest poets, dramatists, and prose writers of the West. These words, these turns of phrase, these conversational clauses, the etiquette of letter writing, all have a touch of genius. They were fashioned at the court of kings, and watched over by divine assemblies. But this respect for the language did not detract in the least from the freshness and force of my impressions when they were bursting in on me with all their novelty. Apart from the masterpieces that have transfigured them, these sacred elements seemed part of a great verbal edifice.

Actually it is not such a difficult language to understand. Unquestionably the Latin substructure can be discerned behind Portuguese, as it can behind Italian, Spanish, Catalonian, and Provençal, even more distinctly than in French. But Latin is not our most constant and accurate guide. The person who knows two Latin languages one of which is Spanish easily finds his way about in Portuguese. (In the same way, I imagine, a person who knows two Germanic languages one of which is German has no great difficulty in mastering Dutch or Flemish.) Such a person knows enough Latin even if he has never looked at Cicero. A Portuguese or Catalonian woman who says to you, '*Amor meu*,' speaks no better Latin than the Spanish or Italian woman who says to you, '*Amor mio*.' One cannot fall back entirely on Latin to understand the details of Latin languages. There are some slight differences in orthography and pronunciation. *Deus*, *mulier*, *simplex*, are both Latin and Portuguese. So is *meus*; but observe that in Portuguese *meus* is nominative and accusative plural. So let us take as our guide Spanish, which is more a sister than a mother language. It will lead us down the royal road of phonetic and orthographic equivalents.

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You will often find, hidden where you least suspect it, an ancient or modern Spanish word under a deceptive Portuguese disguise. It is rather like a masked ball. You have to guess who is talking to you. The Portuguese word *occo* gave me a lot of pleasure. I did not know what it meant, and was going to give up guessing and appeal to my slave the dictionary, when suddenly the Spanish in me reacted: *hueco*. Eureka! When the slave was consulted, it told me that the word meant 'pit.'

Spanish is our guide; but let us be careful. Often this Portuguese mask is extremely deceiving, for it is more a family peculiarity than a mask. To get a proper idea of the strong personality of Portuguese one should really look at a printed page of the language. The words that closely resemble Spanish are no less characteristic, either in meaning or in pronunciation. If we follow our Spanish guide too humbly, we are likely to fall into strange errors, and to believe, for instance, that *ninho* (nest) means a child.

Spanish is more a ground of comparison than a guide for the person who is learning Portuguese. It brings out the grace and weakness of certain Portuguese words: *namorar* (*enamorar*), and *namoro*; *doente*, which, when compared to the Spanish *doliente*, is as if the sick person had stammered out '*Doence*' and were unable to pronounce the middle letters *li*. Another point — the softening of the diminutive, such as one finds in Galician songs, *ito*, *ita*, being made into *inho*, *inha*; and the dropping of *tr* in the possessives: *noso*, *nosa*.

So, meaning 'alone' and 'only,' never changes its form, whether it is an adverb or an adjective, in masculine or feminine. It is a nice word, too. What loneliness, what abandon, it expresses! A woman says that she is *so*, just as a man does — as if solitude made her sex a matter of no importance. And *sosinho*, which my dictionary does not mention, is also worthy of remembrance. It means 'alone with myself.' In this case the diminutive is not only logical, but it expresses with marvelous force the dependence of a single person on himself in solitude. There are other words in which the Latin and Spanish *l* has dropped out, and they have taken on a new kind of fascination which gives them a great deal of character: *voô* (*vol*, from *volare*), *dôr* (*dolor*), *côr* (*color*).

I was also very fond of *carvalho*, for 'oak,' *orvalho* for 'dew,' *cotovia* for 'lark,' and the word *immenso* (prodigiously) used adverbially (to spend *immenso*). I have compared the word that means 'girl' — *rapariga* — with its Spanish equivalents, *rapaza*, *muchacha*, *zagala*, and with its Italian equivalent, *ragazza*, and I have found that it has the same quality that makes the Italian word so likable. It has a joyous noise, like laughing children running through school passageways into the street. Still, *rapariga* is the one that makes the most noise. And *garôta*, for a little girl, is not at all bad. It is entirely a city word, and applies to the little daughters of ordinary people in a big city. If I were married to a Portuguese, I believe that I should call her *garôta*. What tender familiarity, what amorous lack of respect for *minha senhora*: 'Come and kiss me, garôta!'

The diphthong *ão*, which is unpronounceable by anyone who is not a Portuguese, exercises an irresistible attraction upon us. It signifies a beautiful nasal sound, very different from the French *on* and *an*. It is not so open or so prolonged as its appearance makes us believe. We take a

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childish pleasure in pronouncing *aon* and in substituting it for the French ending *tion*: 'I have made an *excursiaon*'; 'I have had a *discussiaon*'; 'There was a *revolutiaon*.'

To tell the truth, one would expect such richness from the language of navigators and kings who imported the wealth of Africa and America and the luxury of Asia, princes who paced the streets of Lisbon with processions of elephants and slaves bearing precious fans made of rare plumes, and cages of animals symbolizing the different provinces of their Empire — lions, tigers, leopards, rhinoceroses. These lords of the sea introduced the fabulous exoticism of Imperial Rome to sixteenth-century Europe. Yet there is something pompous, something worthy of King Manuel, in the Portuguese language. There is a touch of *Wanderlust* even in the Portuguese architecture, where anchors, cables, masts, nautical instruments, are worked in with Oriental, Chinese, Indian, and African motifs. This exotic tendency goes so far that the Portuguese word for 'queen,' in spite of its undeniable Latin derivation, has something exotic about it, like Asiatic perfume or Malayan apparel: *rainha*.

The word *menina* for a little girl is charming, slightly old-fashioned, rather smacking of the Court vocabulary. As for the word meaning 'doll,' *boneca*, I have thought a lot about it without arriving at a definite opinion; but I have arranged all the words that I know meaning 'doll' like a class in school, and I have put them in the order of their beauty as I see it. It comes out something like this: first, *bambola* (Italian); second, a tie between *boneca* (Portuguese) and *muñeca* (Spanish); third, 'doll' in English; fourth, a tie between *poupée* in French and *Puppe* in German; fifth, *kukla* (modern Greek); sixth, *bugatta* (Genovese).

The word *devagar* (*lentement, adagio, despacito* — slowly) has interested me a lot, and I am not yet able to account for it. But the sublime phrase of King Sebastian at the battle of Alcázar-Kebir, '*Morrer, sim; mas devagar!* (To die, yes; but slowly!)' has engraved it indelibly on my memory; and only yesterday I was able to say to a reckless chauffeur, just as I was getting into the automobile, '*Agora vamos, mas devagar, muito devagar.*'

Much can be said about the rôle that the letter *h* plays in Portuguese. As in French, and sometimes in Spanish, it either signifies hard breathing or takes the place of a consonant that has disappeared. Besides this, it is a phonetic symbol when it appears as *lh* and *nh*. In other words it has more of a decorative activity in Portuguese than in any other language that I know. Where I have found the Portuguese *h* most effective is in words like *Hespanha* (Spain) and *hespanhola* (Spanish) and *as hespanholas* (the Spanish). This word has a great air. It is as if the two *h*'s suddenly clothed all Spaniards in holiday costume. It makes a particular appeal to Frenchmen who have lived in Spain and have treasured memories of love and pleasure, and who will always retain a Spanish girl in the chambers of their memory. Until they have learned Portuguese, they will call her *mi española*; but behold this familiar *española*, whom we have daily treated with the limitless familiarity of reflected love, suddenly transformed into *hespanhola*. We are intimidated.

It is too bad that the recent form of spelling has already made those forms archaic. One hardly ever sees *Hespanha* any more, but *Espanha*. The letter *x* has become *ch*. Traces of Greek derivations are being obliterated. The *th*, *ph*, *y*, *x*, and *h* for the hard breathing, which gave Portu-

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guese the same air of a learned language that French has, are disappearing. In a word like *hipopótamo* the second *p* has disappeared, although the *h* is still retained. Some zealous reformer at once protested against this anomaly, and the gentle, submissive hippopotamus in the Lisbon zoo will see himself deprived of his *h*.

But even as I am writing now, I have reached that point in a new language where one comes to take it for granted, where one no longer stops to consider each word for its own sake, but examines the effect that it produces on our sensibilities. I shall no longer come to a halt, congealed in idiotic ecstasy before Portuguese words in the same way a peasant from the mountains gapes at the windows of the Lisbon stores. I am accepting and assimilating them. Consumed, they will enter into my subconsciousness, into the circulation of my blood.

But when the process is completed, I shall take pleasure in going over the impressions that I received when I was so actively conscious of this mutual act of the Portuguese taking possession of me and of my learning Portuguese. I shall recall pleasurably how I acquired little by little, word by word, a new verbal coinage, a currency that entitles me to unlimited buying power in the literatures Portuguese and Brazilian.

Let me take this opportunity to pay homage to two writers who have aided my modest beginnings and whose unforgettable style has swept me over all obstacles — Eça de Queiroz and Oliveira Martins, two classics of the last half of the nineteenth century. On the eve of my departure I bought two more books — ones that I probably ought to have bought the first day, and certainly should have bought if I had not found another book to pull me through. They are the New Testament and the Roman Catholic Prayer Book. Think of hearing Saint Paul speak in the language of the conquerors of all oceans! And what tenderness, what an exotic scent of chapels in distant islands, worthy to be celebrated by Saint John of Persia, the '*Salve, Rainha*' must have in Portuguese.

Richness, new wealth so agreeably gained! An infinite journey, to approach nearer and nearer the classics of the sixteenth century and at last to read the greatest of all! Yes, learning a language is itself like making a fortune; and whoever acquires it adds to his stature and enriches his life with a thousand new pleasures. But all the while the question of two infinitives still occupies me; and the morals and customs of the adverb *apenas*, so different from its Castilian brother, have not stopped troubling me.

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COMMUNISM AND LITERATURE [1]

BY DOCTOR VLASOV

The radical transformation which Bolshevism, considered primarily as a doctrine, has gradually undergone is unquestionably one of the most absorbing spectacles which the history of contemporary culture presents. Superficial political events do not begin to reveal the all-embracing character of this transformation. Even keen observers who merely get casual glimpses of what is occurring easily overlook its fundamental character. . . . Nowhere is the all-pervasiveness of these changes better illustrated than in art and literature.

For a time the horrors of the Red Terror, revolutionary experiments, civil war, and famine practically extinguished all literary activity. Every scrap of paper, every printing press that was still in condition to be operated, was used for propaganda.

No perceptible change occurred until the so-called New Economic Policy, which represented a repudiation of Communist economics, was adopted. Soon after that event, however, the first swallows of a new spring appeared in the form of a little group of story-tellers, the Serapion Brothers, who constantly received recruits from survivors of the old educated classes who had adjusted themselves to the new situation and were trying to pick up again the threads of their former literary life.

It is no wonder, however, and no sign of failing inspiration, that these people found themselves insufferably hampered by material and moral obstacles. Older and more experienced writers, like Gorkii, discovered that it was better, for the time being, not to abandon their old world of impressions and characters. Only Veresaev, who has always been more of a publicist than a cultivator of pure literature, managed, in a clever but nevertheless ineffective tale called *In a Blind Alley*, which he published in 1923, to show what a catastrophe Bolshevism had been for the revolutionary Messianists among the old intellectuals.

Younger writers, like Ivanov, Pilniak, Zamiatin, became deluded with the idea that the existing chaos could express itself best in equally chaotic literary forms. They were encouraged in their opinion by the favor which the Bolshevist leaders for a time showed to these revolutionists of art. Had this fermentation been permitted to spend itself freely it might gradually have thrown off its scum of exaggeration and artificiality, and have produced something of more artistic worth than the fragmentary and ejaculatory remnants that it has left behind. But it was not allowed to develop freely. It was utterly stifled by the dictatorship.

The results are interestingly described in an article by the Bolshevist critic Osinskii, published in the New Year's number of *Pravda*, 1925: 'Under such psychological conditions a new literature can arise only with difficulty. Added to this was the supreme obstacle of the general social situation.

[1] From the *Preussische Jahrbücher* (Berlin Conservative-Nationalist historical monthly), *June*

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This had not yet crystallized; in many respects it existed only in the will of the working classes and not in reality. New conditions were in process of arising. When the poet tried to describe contemporary conditions as they really were he painted a picture in which shadows, dirt, misery, and demoralization preponderated. If he attempted, on the other hand, to paint the new, the bright, the future, what he wrote was unreal, tendential, insipid. We therefore must wait for a literary genius who can mix his colors in right proportions and in the right relation to each other. He must start with the will of the working classes, and he must therefore be first of all a publicist.'

It was not left to the writer himself, however, to decide whether the right balance between actuality and intention had been struck. That was decided by the distrustful defenders of the dictatorship, who naturally paid scant regard to artistic truth. They wanted material for agitation. They demanded propaganda and not literature. That was supplied by a little group of their closer adherents, like Maiakovski and his circle, who abandoned the futurist eccentricities of the others and devoted themselves to writing professional publicity material — 'poster stuff' — for the Soviet Government. That was essentially the task of most of the so-called 'proletarian poets,' who, with more or less talent and skill, constructed stories in verse or prose describing ideal proletarians and heroic Bolsheviki whose greatness and nobility expressed themselves in chivalrous loyalty to their class, and self-sacrificing obedience to the Party. This is the theme of Demian Bedny, the Bolshevist court poet, who frankly admits: 'I wear the mask of optimism, and he is right who accuses me of painting heaven as well as my back fence with red ink. Oh, were I but to surrender to the blues and then put into rhyme all that passes through my head, what riches and honors the hosts of the enemy would heap upon me!' But Demian Bedny prudently preferred a bird in the hand to a bird in the bush — the assured favor of his Party comrades to the uncertain bounty of their enemies. Therefore he suppressed his gloomier thoughts when dark realities threatened to overwhelm him.

But not every man can follow his example. Real poets — those with finer artistic feelings and higher ethical standards — constantly get into trouble with the authorities because their keen sense of truth and reality compels them to mix black ink with their red. It has sometimes happened that a young poet — even a proletarian convert — who has spent his days extolling the dictatorship and its heroes, the factory and its workers, has secretly penned very different lines 'for the soul,' as the Russians say. Indeed some have ended their hypocrisy by voluntary death.

A majority of the more gifted non-Communist poets, however, have not resorted to so desperate a step. Trotskii has well called them 'camp followers.' Without actually aligning themselves with the dictatorship, they hope, by maintaining an oftentimes honestly meant benevolent neutrality, to acquire the right to a certain amount of artistic liberty and objectivity. To be sure, the revolutionary materialists now in power are keenly alive to the dangerous possibilities that free thought and artistic suggestion possess. They have no intention of tolerating intellectual independence. So the camp followers, after wavering for a time between Scylla and Charybdis, have for the most part met their doom.

The marvel is that these people have lasted as long as they have. But Communism has been forced to tolerate

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them against its will, just as it has tolerated private capital, private enterprise, and non-Communist specialists. Without their aid, Soviet literature would not exist. Of course Bolshevist doctrine holds otherwise. According to that doctrine the nonproletarian classes are rotten through and through, and therefore unproductive and incapable of creative output. The proletarian alone possesses the secret of youth. He alone is the source of creative power and vital inspiration, not only in social reform and ethics, but also in art. Nevertheless, important Bolshevist leaders have taken issue with this theory. For example, Trotskii, in his *Revolution and Literature*, argues that it was a mistake to draw a distinction between bourgeois culture and art and proletarian culture and art, because such a distinction does not exist. 'A dictatorship of the proletariat is merely a transitional phase, through which humanity is to reach a classless society and a classless art. The task of to-day is for the proletariat to assimilate the best of bourgeois literature.' Osinskii writes in *Pravda:* 'It is precisely the poet of the intellectuals who has the broadest and solidest foundation for an artistic culture.' Voronskii also insists that 'in the transition period of the dictatorship of the proletariat we can have no proletarian art. The task of this epoch in the field of culture is for the proletariat to master the technology, the science, and the art of the preceding centuries.'

Unfortunately, the Bolsheviki have not had the courage of their convictions. They have not dared to give their intellectual camp followers a free hand. Consequently, a Damocles sword has hung over the head of these bourgeois collaborators and has paralyzed their creative efforts. Their bitterest enemies, however, are not the old Party doctrinaires, but the crude young 'proletarian writers' who are the half-baked progeny of the dictatorship itself. These men imagine that proletarian blood and Communist Party membership are a substitute for talent, education, and tradition. 'Proletarian poets exist,' declared Demian Bedny at a convention of proletarian writers. 'They may not be of the first rank, but that is no misfortune for the moment. Let them be crude and unpolished as long as they are our own men.' Bukharin relates how the famous physiologist Pavlov asked him: 'How can you be leaders in culture when you yourself admit that the working class is utterly uncultured?' To this Bukharin replied: 'You are right. We know we are uncultured. Nevertheless, a man may lack culture and yet have the right political convictions.'

It is in the same spirit that the proletarian poets argue that form and artistic mastery are not the main things in art; that its essential element is its content — and in respect to content they claim to be head and shoulders above all nonproletarians.

How is a proletarian dictatorship over art and culture to be enforced? 'That is easy enough,' answer the Bolsheviki. 'Just as we established a proletarian dictatorship over politics and production — by force.'

Consequently the All-Russian Association of Proletarian Writers claimed the right to control the publication of all books of a specifically literary character. The camp followers were therefore left to the mercies of a few private printers, who were likewise under the close supervision of the authorities. The true-blue proletarians founded a periodical, the *Observation Post*, which became the organ of a sort of literary reign of terror, carried to such extremes that even influential leaders of the Government had to call a halt upon its activities. In fact, this controversy

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between the more moderate intellectuals of the old school who had cast their lot with the Bolsheviki and the radical proletarian writers of the new school was as bitter in its way as was the dispute between the irreconcilable economic radicals and the champions of the New Economic Policy. Defenders of the moderates argued that Lenin did not conceive the hegemony of the working classes as involving the extermination of all that preceded it, but as a period of coöperation in which the proletariat would be simultaneously the pupil and the supervisor of the non-Communist specialist. They pointed out that Russia's whole economic policy and programme has been worked out in coöperation with specialists who were not necessarily of Communist faith. 'You want to suppress the camp followers; but you will at the same time stifle the young shoots of your own literature. You can destroy — that takes only tongues and fists; but you cannot create without the intellectual inheritance of many generations.' Bukharin himself argued: 'It seems to me there is no surer way to destroy proletarian literature itself than to abolish free competition. If we take the position that no literature is to be permitted except that rationed out by the Government, we shall kill proletarian literature in the cradle.'

In an effort to still this controversy the Communist Party held a special meeting in May 1925, in which Trotskii, Bukharin, and others took a prominent part, to decide upon a definite literary policy. Their powerlessness to reconcile theory and practice was evident from the straddle resolution the members finally adopted, to the effect that the Conference emphasized that the principal purpose of the Party in respect to literature was to encourage the creative genius of the workers and peasants, but that it was proper to employ the assistance of the camp followers and wrong to attack them as the *Observation Post* had been doing.

Nevertheless literary terrorism continued to rage unchecked, and the camp followers, who were in fact the only vehicles of modern Russian literature, were one by one silenced. An interesting neutral periodical, *Russkii Sovremennik*, which was founded as the organ of the nonproletarian poets, was suppressed after a few numbers had appeared, and its publisher was thrown in prison. One of the best-known Russian novelists, Zamiatin, barely escaped banishment. Even Voronskii, the editor of the important Communist periodical, *Krasnaia Nov*, who had always stood up for the camp followers and had published some of the best literary articles by them that have appeared in Russia since the Revolution, was removed for a time from his position, and a fanatical ultraproletarianist was put in his place. About a year ago *Pravda* published a sensational article in which it was stated: 'Only a few people know that a writer in Russia must first secure an expensive government license if he is to exercise his profession, and that this license must be renewed every six months. I imagine this is the only instance in literary history where such a requirement has been imposed. One well-known writer with an honorable career of forty years in the world of letters has been forced to relinquish the pen because he could not raise money to pay for a license.'

Quite recently the Leningrad section of the Writers' Association investigated the condition of its members. It was shown that most of them were living in acute poverty. Some had not had a change of linen for six months, and many were chronically undernourished. Yet they had to pay exceptionally heavy taxes as members of a 'nonpro-

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ductive class,' in addition to their expensive licenses.

Last September *Pravda* published an article entitled 'How Does a Writer Live and Work in Soviet Russia?' which said among other things: 'Not long ago the Central Committee of the Press Writers' Union investigated the budgets of its members. The number was not large, for only a few — a score or more — live entirely by the pen. Most of the members are forced to engage in some other occupation to make ends meet. . . . A writer who must spend eight hours a day proofreading in a printing office is as good as lost to the world of letters. . . . The payment for articles to-day is scarcely twenty-five or thirty per cent what it was before the war. . . . "In considering what I have to report," one member wrote, "it is necessary to take into account the kind of work I am doing, which is necessarily at the cost of quality. Eighty per cent of my income is from articles written to order." We are in danger, therefore, of sacrificing all creative writing to mere hack work. . . . The new type of writer is a compiler, a scissors man. . . . Most of the writers investigated lived with their families in one-room tenements. Those who had two rooms were the heads of comparatively large families and could write only at night, when the others were asleep. Not one member of the association had a private study. Neither was any of them able to buy books, subscribe for general periodicals, or take a vacation.'

Krasnaia Nov thus described a typical example of a literary man's life in a provincial town: 'The first quality demanded of literature to-day is that it be easily understood by the masses. Anything artistic, elaborate, subtle, cleverly conceived, is rejected as "over the heads" of the people. So we must confine ourselves to the commonplace. If I were to write "I" instead of "we" in a poem, I should have the authorities on my back in a moment, with charges of "individualism, mysticism, counter-revolution." If I were to use the figure "snow carpet" in describing a winter scene, some fiery champion of the proletariat would protest: "No peasant or laborer would use the word carpet. At most he would say a bast mat." If a poet speaks of "sauntering through the market," he is accused of "encouraging idleness" and "undermining the morale of the worker." And these criticisms are loudest from the people who set up to be the champions of popular education.'

In July 1925 the Communist Party held a second Conference to decide upon a policy toward literature; but it succeeded no better than at the earlier one in reconciling radical proletarian doctrine with literary exigencies. It did, however, try to discourage excesses of literary rowdyism committed under the guise of hyperrevolutionary zeal. A resolution on this subject declared that 'literary guidance must remain in the hands of the working class as a body. Proletarian writers of the first rank do not yet exist. . . . For the time being the Party must tolerate a transitional period. . . . It must suppress vigilantly impulsive attempts to destroy the old cultural inheritance and the former specialists in the trade of letters. . . . Communist criticism should drop the drill-sergeant tone. . . . Attempts to set up by decree or Party action a monopoly of any group or literary organization, either in the field of authorship or of publication, cannot be permitted.'

Yet the Bolsheviki are well aware that they have not settled the question. The editor of one of their important journals, *Pechat i Revolutsia* (Press and Revolution), relates the following characteristic incident: 'When I tried to defend this policy not long ago in a

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debate with certain representatives of the extreme radicals, one of my opponents shouted: "So! You would have freedom of the press!" Nonsense. It does not mean that at all. . . . No one disputes our duty of ruthlessly exterminating counter-revolutionary literature. We disagree only as to where the boundary should be drawn between the literature against which we must employ the weapon of the censorship and the literature against which the weapon of revolutionary criticism is sufficient.'

Lunacharskii, the Soviet Commissar of Popular Education, in his recent book upon the history of Russian literature, relates another illuminating incident: 'Not long ago one of our leading contemporary writers called upon me and remarked gloomily: "Russian literature has always abounded in gall and wormwood, and it is still embittered to-day because it lacks liberty. It rebels indignantly against the bonds of censorship and above all against restraints upon its intellectual freedom." "You silly people," I said, "refuse to see that we have given you freedom. You complain of the censorship. The censorship is an impediment only for you recalcitrants. Our censorship instructions merely forbid you to circulate in a literary form what might poison the people with counter-revolutionary ideas. They do not hamper us."'

Is the ineradicable distrust that the Bolsheviki cherish toward their literary camp followers well founded? Bear in mind that in Soviet Russia not only all writing but all intellectual activity of every kind is under the most exacting — and stupid — censorship; that the camp followers are only scattered survivors of an almost extinct species; and that these few survivors have been mercilessly dragooned by the dictators for several years. Bukharin once said: 'We shall cast the intellectuals in a mould the way we would make an iron casting in a foundry.' We can only conclude, therefore, that the hostility to these writers is inspired primarily by literary jealousy and hatred born of an inferiority complex.

A well-disposed and admiring critic of Seifullina, the story writer, recently mentioned as one of her 'dangerous points' that she 'has a great gift for describing peasant life, and therefore runs the risk of wandering into by-paths diverging from the main highway of the Revolution.' Yet Seifullina is spiritually closer to Bolshevism than any other eminent non-Communist writer of fiction. She describes revolution as an unchaining of primitive animal instincts and glorifies this return to nature as an incomparable step forward. She shares with the Bolsheviki their contempt for what they consider the sterilizing intellectual culture of the old régime. One of her principal characters, who is highly commended by Bolshevist critics as an incarnation of the new type of humanity, is Virinea, a gifted, vigorous, fascinating peasant girl who recognizes no authority but her own unbridled impulses. Another of her best-known characters is a rural Communist gang leader, a half-wild soldier from the front, who becomes infatuated with a village schoolmistress whom he conceives as a perfect image of all that is exalted and beautiful and pure. In order to win her, he establishes a village library of confiscated books, naturally selecting treatises on agriculture and similar topics, and destroying works of fiction like those of Pushkin. But when he discovers that the schoolmistress favors a city commissar of her own class, he conceives a grim rage against all educated people and against cities and culture in general. Among the first victims of his hatred is a village physician who lives

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in a house with a lightning rod, which the Bolshevist leader imagines is an apparatus to communicate with the enemy.

A Bolshevist critic highly commends Babel, another of the more gifted camp followers, because 'the actual, the most primitive human interests, impulses, passions, desires, and characteristics — in a word, those qualities which we generally characterize as brutal animal instincts — are holy in his sight. He eagerly searches for the roughest unhewn blocks of human experience.' As a matter of fact this emphasis upon the primitive, which is an inheritance from the bourgeois decadence that preceded it but which has never thriven as luxuriantly as under Bolshevism, is like a bog that gradually sucks down into its own filth every artistic quality. It ceases to be true to life, but disguises with romantic coloring the rudeness, the dirt, the degeneracy which it seeks to idealize. Babel makes heroes of the Odessa housebreakers and thugs of General Budenny's cavalry corps. He ridicules as a contemptible weakling an educated military commissar who cannot harden his heart to shoot a wounded comrade. His *Cavalry Army*, an epic suite of highly original but overpainted episodes from the history of the Bolshevist war against Poland, seems 'to portray merely degenerate types who conceive it to be their mission to drink as much as possible, to commit mad pranks, to desecrate churches, and to violate as conspicuously as possible all the decencies of life.' Thus writes Osinskii in *Pravda*. Here, for example, is a relatively idyllic picture: —

'Posters had been hung on all the pillars, announcing that the military commissar of the division would give a lecture that evening on the Second Congress of the Third International. Just under my window several Cossacks were getting ready to shoot an old, white-bearded Jew who was accused of espionage. The old man shrieked shrilly and tried to tear himself loose. Thereupon Kudria, of the machine-gun detachment, grabbed his head and held him in chancery. This silenced the Jew, who spread his legs out and tugged with all his might, trying to pull his head from beneath the soldier's arm. Kudria drew a dagger with his left hand and stabbed the old fellow to death, neatly and carefully, so as to get no blood on his own uniform. Then he knocked on the shuttered window and shouted: "If there's anyone inside who is interested, he can come out and clear up the mess. We permit it."'

With the same unemotional and placid pen, Babel describes another old Jew, who glides past us in his narrative like the shadow of a vanished world. This old patriarch says: 'Only a good man can do good. Revolution is the good work of good men. Surely good men do not commit murder. It follows that bad men have joined the Revolution. So all of us who realize the situation fall on our faces and cry: "Woe unto us! Where is the good Revolution?" The International! We all know what the International is. Even I want to see an International of good men. I would like to see every human soul satisfied and every man receive a ration of the first category. . . . The International, Mr. Comrade — you know what one gets to eat with that!'

'"You eat it with powder," I said to the old fellow, "with the best blood of the land for sauce."'

Such illuminating lapses of the camp followers, rare as they are, excite the suspicion of the dictators; and in self-defense Lunacharskii was moved not long ago to extol the Red Terror as the most heroic phase of Bolshevist history.

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Another keen observer and gifted story-teller is Leonov, who possesses perhaps the surest instinct for the intimate — for dreamy moods — of any of the writers of his class. His ambitiously designed picture of contemporary Russian society entitled *The Badgers* is an effort to describe the evolutionary history of the Revolution, but is in fact merely a series of disconnected scenes without plot or unity. Naturally Leonov gives us a profusion of incidents illustrating class differences and revolutionary experiences, but covered with a romantic glamour quite untrue to life. In the first part of the book he introduces us to a motley world of Moscow shopkeepers and artisans of the lower middle class, who, notwithstanding their stolid vegetative existence, are capable of the maddest cruelties. One of these is a consumptive tanner whose revolt against his monotonous and meagre destiny expresses itself in concentrated class bitterness and hatred, and in intense longing for the coming Revolution. Yet side by side with him a modest hatter, a quiet dreamer, a poetical, lonely, imaginative soul, lives out his humdrum years in resigned self-sufficiency.

Nevertheless both non-Communist and pure proletarian literature in Soviet Russia begin hesitatingly to confess the collapse of the Communist Utopia and the irresistible return to the old social forms that have been so ruthlessly and cruelly persecuted. It is extremely difficult, of course, to bring back into their old channel the flood-waters that have raged so long, 'on wild destruction bent.' This is the theme of an interesting story by Anna Karavaeva, entitled '*The Shores*,' which shows clearly how difficult it is for the authoress, who is a convinced Communist, to conquer her aversion for the 'new course' and to reconcile herself to working in harness with her Party.

A young proletarian poet writes: —

I look upon humanity and see
A desolate autumn garden
Containing heaps of fruits and vegetables
And stark, stripped trees
Robbed of their yellow leaves
And sunk in weary slumber,
As if there were no spring!
And only in the city,
In the great square,
Rise burial mounds
And the mausoleum of the leader,
Recalling the days of storm
And the withered laurels of springtide.

This poet goes on to dream of Lenin rising out of the grave and summoning the dead heroes of the Revolution to complete their half-finished work.

Another proletarian poet writes in a similar vein: —

It is now no longer as it was in the steppe.
Free life is over.
A house is being built, and every brick and tile
Threatens to strike you dead.
And you walk cautiously around the house,
Keeping your hand in your pocket,
Where, like a hungry beast of prey,
Your revolver slumbers.

Therefore the dictators may not be unjustified, from their point of view, in distrusting literature. It involuntarily shoots rays of light into dark abysses that they would prefer to keep hidden. So the situation is growing more acute. It is becoming ever clearer that either dictatorship or literature must perish. But creative power and poetic expression are an inseparable part of life; and the victory of the dictatorship would therefore mean the end of life itself. Life, however, is immortal.

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RUSSIAN VILLAGE SKETCHES

BY LEONID GRIGOROV AND PANTELEIMON ROMANOV

[THE two narratives that follow are from Bolshevist sources. The first appeared in a volume by a Communist investigator of Russian village conditions, entitled *Ocherki sovremennoi derevni*. The second was translated from an undated issue of the *Kharkov Kommunist*.]

I. GETTING NEXT TO THE PEASANTS

YES, our village is hard at work. Everyone is busy. Many new houses have been built and old ones repaired. Shaking off the daze of Revolutionary times, the citizens of our countryside labor as they never did before. I have seen very old men and women going out into the field with scythes on their shoulders, and some of them even walking behind the plough.

The village works. And all its labor is performed with the same pitiful implements as of old, which look as though they had been here for centuries. Handwork everywhere. Immense strain on every muscle of the body. What endless toil and drudgery are represented by this miserable, small, worn scythe, which a man must swing a thousand times to cut a tiny swath of hay worth a few pennies at best!

The Revolution has not yet given the peasant modern machinery. No reapers, rakes, threshing machines. One village near here boasts a beautiful People's House. Thirty thousand gold rubles were spent by the neighboring factory communities to build it. An abundance of books, periodicals, dailies, a beautiful stage, frequent speakers from town. They say fine things, they teach the people to be wise and good. Four-act plays are at times staged here. But not a peasant of that village of some seventy homes has a single modern farm implement.

'Commune! Commune!' vociferate political orators in People's Houses. They preach collective labor, coöperative homesteads — but they do not get results. No, the great slogans of universal comradeship and brotherhood have not yet penetrated the primitive mind of the peasant. They are unintelligible to our country laborer. He is the victim of an instinct of property which will not release its hold on him. Let there be one hen only — but it's my own! Let there be no horses — but the cow that remains is my own!

And so there is no true prosperity in the Russian village, although in the course of the last few years many peasants have doubled and trebled their land holdings. In the three hundred villages I investigated I discovered only one peasant who did not complain of high taxes and bewail his lot. His household was said to be a model, and I asked Sokolov, the president of the village committee, to take me to see him.

'He must be a *kulak*, I fancy,' I said. A kulak (fist) is a village type of usurer.

'No. Not at all. Simply a hard-working muzhik.'

'But are n't there many hard-working muzhiki around us?'

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'Surely there are; but this right to divide up the property ruins everything. The muzhik comes home to find one of his daughters-in-law quarreling with the old mother of the family and shouting at the top of her lungs, "Divide! Divide!" And the miserable little homestead, where it has always been hard enough to make both ends meet, is robbed of half its movable property and live stock, which go to the married son whose wife refuses to live in peace with her mother-in-law. Division, division without end — and nothing good comes from it, of course.'

'What a curse this dividing of things has been,' I said. 'I see half your misfortunes come from it. Isn't there a remedy?'

'The people are stupid, comrade,' Sokolov answered sadly. 'I myself, I'm like the rest; I've left my father's house, and so have my brother and his wife.'

I looked at him in amazement. This Sokolov is a peasant in the forties; he has five years of Communist service behind him; he is a good man, kind and attentive to the needs of the peasantry, and loyal to the ideals of the Republic.

'What could I do?' he continued, seeing my astonishment. 'My mother is the sort that can't be persuaded to keep peace. Well, we got up and went. Here, at Beleshin's house, where we are now going, it all looks different. He is an old man and lives with his younger brother. Both have wives, both have grown-up sons, of whom three are married and have children, but they all live together without quarreling. No arguments; everything is bright and peaceful; and, of course, their land is better and more fully cultivated than that of any of their neighbors. There are altogether some twenty people in the household. Once in a while they do have a quarrel. The other day two brothers came home drunk, began to fight, and of course raised the cry "Divide! Divide!" But the two old mothers-in-law jumped up and bade them "Keep still, fools!" and there was no more talk of division. It's all because their old women are simply wonders — the only reasonable women in the village. I, as president, often have these division cases brought before me. And every time there is such a bad mix-up that you can't possibly unravel it, and just agree to what they say. If you try to make them stay together, it only makes things worse. There's bound to be murder or bad fighting. It's our own stupidity, comrade. There's still much darkness in our heads.'

When we reached the house an old woman welcomed us into an unusually clean kitchen. A samovar boiled away cheerfully on a huge family table. The head of the house sat there with three or four young women of the family. He welcomed me heartily. I told him what brought me to see him.

'Yes,' he said by way of answer, 'we live in peace. And everything is in good order.'

We discussed village affairs at great length. Several young women, including those whom I had found at table, quietly slipped into the background and sat there as silent as if they were dumb. Ilia Sergeevich Beleshin, the head of the house, was the only speaker.

This general silence impressed me greatly. I did not like the dead reticence of those young women — just like tree-stumps! They all looked well and buxom, but their charm faded as I watched them sit there motionless and say nothing.

'Well,' said I, somewhat unceremoniously, 'why is it that you young women and girls never say a word?'

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'It's because they are untutored,' said the old man.

'That is n't good,' said I. 'Everybody should have schooling.'

'We think it's all right as it is. Educated peasant women won't do us any good. You can't make any use of them.'

'Why?'

'Because educated women are lazy,' replied the hard-working muzhik. 'They want soft living and nothing else. And we don't want such folks here. And then, there is n't time anyway to read books. Work can't wait.'

Beleshin prosed on in a didactic tone while I listened and looked at the silent group of women. Life shone in their eyes, and I tried to look deep into them to read a secret thought, a concealed protest. Nothing of the kind! They looked back at me and their faces remained wooden and stolid. Their eyelids rose and fell quietly, but their gaze was uncomfortably motionless. I could not stand this any longer, and addressed two young women who sat nearest. Both were the old man's daughters-in-law.

'How do you live?' I asked them.

Dead silence for a while. Then one lost her immobility with a sudden start.

'We live well,' I heard her answer. 'They feed us well, and clothe us. What else do we want? We live all right.'

'We live well,' the other young woman seconded. 'They feed us well. We live.'

I confess I did not feel much better after hearing this. I don't know if anyone would. There sat before me two submissive human beings who were being clothed and fed for their work and 'lived very well.' But don't we see cattle well fed and sleek? They also live well!

'Let us go and have a look at your land,' I said, rising.

The vegetable garden was large and amazingly prolific.

'Yes,' the old man answered my compliments, 'the other day a photographer came down from Moscow and took a picture of it for the Exposition in Moscow.'

We went on. His smithy was equipped with a large bench and plenty of tools. He had everything necessary there even for metal work — it was a real shop! Then he took me to his creamery, containing an hydraulic press and a huge stove for drying cheeses. Then I was shown a McCormick mowing machine, a harvester, and a thresher. Beleshin complained that many of these machines, built for wide strips of land, had to stand idle because most of his family's land was in narrow strips wedged in between other people's fields.

'And our *mir* are such people that you can't talk sense with them. We might redistribute our land so as to give a man a chance to work a wide piece instead of many narrow ones. But they won't do it!'

'Well,' he said after we had seen a good many things, 'if that's not enough, I can show you more.' I thanked him, and we went back into the house. By that time his younger brother had returned — a stocky peasant with a shaven face. He too was evidently an obedient subject in this archaic family.

Yes, this family was as solid as a monolith. Nobody quarreled, nobody appealed for 'division.' And its head was the wise, businesslike, adroit Ilia Beleshin.

As soon as my cart rattled into the confines of Gaevo Village I noticed that an important peasant meeting was taking place on the street, and

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I was struck by the fact that no women mixed in the group of men who were debating there. The women were all present, but were huddled together some distance away.

'What does this mean?' I asked my driver.

'It means,' he said sagely, 'that the muzhiki do not like to have a *baba* mix up in business affairs. And it's better like this. They don't argue, and don't interfere.'

'Why did they come, then?'

'To wag their tongues for a while. To gossip, in short.'

'So, then, the peasants do not listen to women in deciding matters?'

'You don't want women to decide matters, do you?' the muzhik retorted with contempt.

Gaevo is the centre of a *volost*, or district including a good number of villages. It has an executive committee, a people's court, a militia, a well-equipped hospital, a postal and telegraph office, a commission for land surveys, a Communist Party unit, and a unit of the League of Communist Youth. One thing is missing, however — a Women's Organization; and that is because there is not a single woman among the recognized Communists of the district, not one who exhibits active interest in organizing women and enlightening them.

Why? Because peasant women are utterly illiterate. Even the little girls who have had some schooling forget what they have been taught for good and all as soon as they shoulder heavier responsibilities. Besides, no girl would dare to raise her voice at a meeting of the village mir for fear of being insulted.

Not long ago an invalid teacher came to Gaevo and was appalled by this illiteracy. He decided to do away with it. Quite a class of adults was organized, and things seemed to be moving along smoothly, when one fine day an original idea took possession of the women — and of a few of the men — who attended school: 'We ought to be paid for the time we spend at school!'

'We'll study,' they told the teacher, 'but you must buy us calico for shirts.'

'How is that?' the poor man exclaimed. 'We work hard to teach you and furnish you books and paper — and you —'

'That's just as you wish,' they answered. 'Only we are n't going to spend our time for nothing — no, we are n't.'

And the 'liquidation of illiteracy' at Gaevo ceased then and there.

The priest's house stood on the edge of the village, near the church. It was a good-looking and roomy house, but it seemed empty, and no one answered my knocking. I walked through the garden toward the high-fenced back yard, where some noise was faintly audible. The gate was locked from the inside, like the door of the house. I knocked.

'Who's there?' a cautious voice called.

My answer satisfied the owner, and the heavy latch was lifted. Before me stood the village priest with an axe in his hand. He was dressed in a very old and faded khaki military uniform, high boots, and a dilapidated priest's hat, under which his long hair was knotted.

'Welcome!' he exclaimed, and wanted to take me into the house, in order to save appearances.

'No, no, Father,' I protested. 'Go on with your work. I'll not be in your way.'

'Why, yes, I was trying to bridge over that little brook over there,' he began to explain. 'I've got to cart my hay across it, and it would n't

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take long to break the wheels as it is now.'

He took a small log and began to hew it with his axe. In a few moments the log was nicely trimmed on one side.

'How well you work,' I observed. 'It's a pleasure to watch you handle your axe.'

'Well, what of that?' he said. 'We've got to be carpenters too nowadays.' He sighed and continued: 'Believe me, I'm working harder than many a peasant. I'm in the field, I'm in the house, I mow and plough all alone, and work my garden. And the church is there too; and besides services, I have funerals, and baptisms, and marriages —'

'But you are paid for them!'

'What kind of payment is that now?' he exclaimed, raising his hands. 'Nothing to speak of. I've been saving up all I receive in order to buy a horse, and I'm no nearer having one now than just after they took mine away. Yes, yes, I used to have a horse. But they classed me as "nonlaboring person" and took it away.'

'I've heard about that, Father,' I said. 'At the time they took your horse you *were* a nonlaboring person.'

'Suppose they were right, why do they now demand seven hundred and fifty rubles expenses?'

'These are expenses you caused by appealing to several higher tribunals.'

'There! My horse has been taken, and I'm to pay them money over and above it. And I'm working here like a convict. Never any rest; never any help. My wife is busy all day with her home and the children, and I have to do everything alone. And no horse. It's hard!'

'Yes, yes,' I said. 'That is n't like chanting prayers, is it? Everyone must work nowadays.'

I left him, and in the street I met the president of the local Executive Committee. I told him of my meeting with the priest and of the latter's hard life. The face of the president twitched.

'He's telling you lies,' he said. 'There are still many fools in the village who help him every now and then — always! They're helping him always!'

'What for?'

'For funerals, and weddings, and suchlike. Don't you believe his tales.'

There comes toward my house, walking slowly in the pouring rain, my friend, a very old peasant, who promised me to bring some eggs, butter, and sour cream. He lives a mile and a half away, but rain has not stopped him. I hasten to open the door and offer him my hospitality, and I see that the old man wants to stop and talk. My city-dweller's curiosity is excited. I am all attention.

'It's hard to live!' he emits in a hoarse and panting voice.

'Yes, life is hard nowadays,' I agree.

'Say,' he continues in his cracked voice, 'you told me you once lived in Crimea, did n't you? Now tell me — do they have Bolsheviki there too?'

His question makes me smile. 'Yes,' I say, 'they are there all right.'

'Ah, ah, what a misfortune!' he exclaims, and for a moment closes his bleary old eyes as if seeing something very unwelcome. There is a long pause, and then he asks: —

'Tell me, what kind of people are they — the Bolsheviki?'

I explain to him that they are people like everybody else, some good, some bad, and that the main thing is not themselves but their teaching.

'And what is that teaching?' he interrupts in a lifeless, listless voice.

'They teach universal brotherhood of all peoples — all the peoples of the

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world.' He looks at me with uncomprehending eyes. I launch off on a more thorough explanation of Bolshevism, but the old man does not listen to me any longer. After a while he begins to fuss about in his armchair, and says weakly: —

'I'll go now.'

I shake his hand, and for a long time I watch his bent back receding under the pouring rain.

The other day I strayed into the midst of a merry throng of children in the street.

'What kind of man are you, uncle?' I suddenly heard a laughing voice ask behind me. I turned and saw a bright little girl.

'You're one of the Soviet people, are n't you?'

'Surely I am,' I replied, laughing.

'Ah!' she exclaimed.

'But are n't you of the Soviet people too?' I asked her.

'No,' she said, 'we're peasants.'

'But are n't peasants Soviet people?'

'Not all of them, uncle. The Burlakov family are, and the Gamov are, but others are n't.'

'Who taught you this?'

'Nobody taught me; I just know it.'

'And how old are you?'

'Twelve. Our grandpa tells me everything. He's old — he knows everything.'

'And does your grandpa pray to God?'

'Sure he does. He's a peasant. There's one, a Soviet man — he comes to see us, and he says there's no God.'

Our conversation continues, and I try to draw other children into it, but not many of them are as bold as the little girl. Most of them confine themselves to silent scowling.

These children grow up like so many weeds. If anyone has any concern for their development, it is some old, out-of-date grandmother, or a grandfather who can do no more work and spends his time praying to God.

Are we wise to let these children grow up with such ideas — 'We are peasants; we are not Soviet people'?

II. MAGIC AND MOONSHINE

At the last meeting of the District Executive Committee it was unanimously resolved to begin a merciless campaign against the widespread evil of *samogon*, or moonshine vodka.

'And what the devil they want, nobody'll ever find out,' the president of the Committee exclaimed. 'Here we supply them with wholesome entertainment and People's Clubs, and try to eradicate illiteracy. And now we have resumed selling thirty-per-cent vodka. But in spite of all they keep swilling that poisonous moonshine of theirs!'

'That thirty-per-cent of yours is weak and expensive,' muttered a member of the Committee. 'It's more trouble than it's worth to drink it. You only —'

'What's that you're saying?'

'Nothing, Comrade President. I was talking to this here comrade,' the dissenter answered in a subdued voice. 'You got to have two bottles of the Government stuff where only one of the other is enough.'

'Sure's you're alive,' another member concurred.

'Well, then, comrades,' the president continued, 'all these "weeks of sobriety" and suchlike don't do no good. We've got to organize a *troika* — three men to go out incognito —'

'Right you are! Suppose we take along Fiodor the driver. He knows all those blind pegs. He'll find them in the twinkle of an eye.'

'Fact is,' the president said, 'we shan't need to hunt much. There's enough in every house. I'm sure that

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even the — ' Here the president looked around cautiously and interrupted himself. 'The main thing is to catch 'em in the act. As soon as you see a drunken person, lug him in here. We'll know what to do next. And special attention to the villages of Semionovskoe and Streshnevo! No matter how often we warn them, they keep on making it.'

'We've got to send the most trustworthy men to those two places. There's sure some deviltry at work there.'

So three members of the Committee were chosen for the job, and sent off forthwith.

'The main thing, Comrade Matiushin,' the president said, as he watched the three men pack themselves into the sleigh, huddled in big fur coats as though they were starting on a wolf hunt, 'the main thing is to try to catch 'em in the act. Just as soon as you see a drunken man, send him back here on this same sleigh, and stay on to catch more of them. And thou, Fiodor, show them the places thou knowest. As soon as you have a sleighful of drunks, bring 'em here.'

Fiodor the driver, who was seated upon his box with the collar of his fur coat turned up high to protect his face, placidly waited till the 'troika' made themselves comfortable behind him. He then blew his nose, wiped his fingers on the corner of his coat, and deliberately answered the president: —

'Sure. We 'll fix 'em all right.'

The sleigh darted forward.

'Devil take them, samogon and all,' grumbled one of the 'troika.' 'The thing for a day like this is to sit in a warm room and drink tea. Twenty below zero! I don't see how this dastardly samogon business got such hold upon people that we can't do a thing with it. I suppose every one of them knows how he is injuring both himself and the State — but he won't stop it! Why?'

'He can't stop,' said another member of the punitive expedition.

'Ignorance, comrade,' said the third. 'They drink their samogon, and they don't stop to think that it will ruin their health.'

'Well,' resumed the first, 'anyway we 've tackled the job this time for a finish. We 'll soon wipe them out. They 're already beginning to give in.'

At this point the driver woke up, and turning toward his passengers said: —

'That depends. In some places you 've got them, all right. But take these two villages, Semionovskoe and Streshnevo. You won't catch 'em there.'

'Why not?' asked one of the committeemen.

'The devil knows why. Not without some charm.'

'Maybe they gave bribes —'

'I can't say about that,' replied the driver, and reaching a crossroads just then he changed the subject to ask where they wanted to go first.

'Well, let 's try Semionovskoe.'

'You are n't afraid?' asked the driver, without waiting for an answer, however.

'What house shall we begin with?' the head of the triumvirate asked.

'Does n't matter,' the driver said. 'You can't make a mistake. Let 's say this nearest one' — and he pointed out a ramshackle, age-blackened *izba*, with tumble-down steps in front.

'This is what drink does to people,' said Comrade Matiushin sententiously. 'The richest country in the world, you might say — and here they live like swine. We ought to come oftener and comb out the whole district —'

'Well,' said the driver, 'I'll go and make believe I want a drink, and you wait here for a while; then drive up and

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step in. I'll make believe I'm frightened and put the bottle under the bench. Look for it there. I'll act so as not to scare the man off. However, I must say, they don't get scared easily. They don't seem to care — no, they don't. And why? Not without a charm in this place, no sir.'

Five minutes later the three officials started the horses at a gallop, dashed up to the izba, and rushed inside. The driver sat at the table, upon which stood an empty teacup and nothing else. The proprietor of the house sat at a distance, upon the bench. He was not even sufficiently startled by the newcomers to jump up, but only glanced at them lazily. The members of the 'troika' looked under the bench and pulled out a bottle.

'That 's enough joking,' said the head comrade, turning to the old peasant. 'Come on, my pigeon, pick up thy things. Thou wilt go to the District Committee at once.'

The muzhik rose and, with an unperturbed countenance, began to look for his cap.

'Aha! And what is it thou hast back there?' exclaimed Comrade Matiushin, pulling out three more bottles from behind the stove. The host did not even turn his head, but continued to look for his cap, scratching his back meanwhile. Comrade Matiushin put the bottles down upon the table, looked at them against the light, and stopped short, as if transfixed.

'What is it?' the third committeeman asked him.

Comrade Matiushin did not answer at once, but continued to gaze at the bottles. Then he slowly articulated: —

'I'll say they are masters in their trade! Why, you could see Moscow through it, it's so clear!'

'Pure as a tear, eh?' the driver asked sympathetically, stepping up to the table. The second committeeman also drew closer and stood in silent admiration for a while.

'I have never seen such liquor in my life, Comrade Matiushin,' he finally uttered.

The owner of the liquor was taken along into the sleigh, and in another hour the punitive expedition was already hard at work at Streshnevo, where they arrested two more men and confiscated seven more bottles. The second member of the 'troika' stood all eleven bottles in a row upon the table and, squatting down before them, squinted through them. The third member squatted down next to him, while the head comrade paced up and down the izba, rubbing his hands, his face shriveled with the cold. Meanwhile the driver stood holding his cap and knout in one hand and gesticulating with the other, and talked to the three men in general.

'You may drive clear across the whole *gubernia* and you won't find another place where they make such vodka as that. From Semionovskoe or from Streshnevo — it's equally good. That's because they put their whole soul into it.'

'Yes, Comrade Matiushin,' one of the committeemen said. 'Instead of devoting their strength to the reconstruction of the country, they — '

'The liquor from Semionovskoe is good because it's so clear,' the driver continued. 'And yet that from Streshnevo, even if it is just a trifle turbid, grips you — why, brothers, it grips you so that you squat right down after the first glass.'

'This here?' asked the second comrade, pointing to one of the bottles.

'This very one,' answered the driver.

'Yes, it's like a tear,' the third comrade said pensively, looking at the liquor from Semionovskoe.

'Sure,' the driver hastened to agree. 'You see, before they distill it, they put

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it out to freeze. Then they purify it in all sorts of ways, so that it comes out as pure and clear as God's own dew. This, however, depends on the taste. One man will give you any price for a bottle of clear liquor, so that he can see Moscow through it. Another wants his liquor to knock him out at the first gulp — to go right to his brains.'

'Look, Comrade Matiushin,' the second comrade said, 'you can tell at a glance which is from Semionovskoe and which from Streshnevo. You can see the difference at once!'

'Ah, those —' The third comrade expressed himself rather strongly. 'If you don't look after them they 'll drink themselves dead, they will. What people! And why is it that they — '

The head comrade presently also squatted down before the eleven bottles, and observed, shaking his head sadly: —

'Yes, they are masters in the trade!' And, turning to the driver, 'Which one, did you say, was the better-tasting of the two?'

The driver thought awhile and said judicially: —

'Better-tasting? Well, how shall I say? They 'll be about the same as far as taste goes; but as to strength — why, the one from Streshnevo, of course, can't be beaten.'

Half an hour later Comrade Matiushin ordered the arrested men to be brought in. When the muzhiki entered the room there were only ten bottles in the row, and the members of the 'troika' sat upon the bench, their chins upon the table, looking at the bottles and exchanging remarks like the following: —

'See how much clearer that one is! You 'll look at the other one, and as long as you don't know you 'll take the clearer one because you 'll think it 's pure. And if you 're a man of taste,— a specialist, let's say,— why, you 'll see that you 've no earthly use for that clear one. You need two bottles of it, while only one bottle of the other will do the job.'

'Say, how many bottles have we got?'

Comrade Matiushin began to count, pointing with his finger hard at every bottle; but before he reached the fourth one his finger got into the space between and he lost his count.

'A trifle more to the right,' said the driver.

'Holy Mother! I can see two fingers where there was one,' said Comrade Matiushin.

'It 's the frost that does it, Comrade Matiushin.'

'Ah, dear friends!' Comrade Matiushin exclaimed at this moment, seeing the arrested peasants who had entered and stood still at the door. 'Now what will you say to this? I'm told you know some sort of charm in this place, and I've come to take it off. Just spend a night in a cold barn, and you 'll be uncharmed as sure as you live. We must all of us work for the good of our country, and you — oh, the devil! It surely does grip you!'

'Yes, it does. Never mind if it's turbid!'

'How is it that you contrive to make stuff like that? I'll say it does take one by the heart — ah, the rascals — '

'How 's that? Sixteen bottles upon the table now!' the third comrade exclaimed. 'Who brought the other bottles?'

'They 're eight. It's the frost that makes you see wrong,' comrade number two corrected.

'Well, comrades, let's sit down and have a drink for the last time, and after that — beg pardon! Yes — the country's poor as a beggar, you might say — striving for reconstruction! And you people — instead of — You 're doing harm to yourself and to the young generation!'

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'If we only made a round like this every week,' the third comrade interpolated, 'I say we 'd — they 'd — '

Comrade Matiushin looked around the group for the driver, and having finally found him said: —

'Fiodor! You — so to speak — take them back and deposit them in safety!'

'Everything 'll be all right.'

'Drink! Don't hang back!' Comrade Matiushin suddenly commanded the arrested peasants. 'We 're simple people. Suppose you 've broken the law? So you have! And you 'll pay for it. But now, drink! Drink, and that's all for the time being! Because you 're going to spend a cold night in the barn over there. Fiodor! Harness the horses!'

'But first of all,' the third comrade said to the arrested men, 'you must tell us your secret. What's that charm people are talking about?'

'Seriously, now — what's the reason?' the second comrade echoed.

'What's the reason?' continued the third comrade, staring vacantly before him and losing and recovering his balance alternately as he sat up on the bench, as if something had been pushing him from behind. 'The country's rich — the people are young, so to speak, and — here's this vile canker rotting out the people's soul and — everything goes to piec — '

In another half-hour the driver returned to the izba. The three members of the 'troika' sat in sagging postures, their faces flat upon the table, and the arrested peasants stood, as before, near the door, cap in hand.

'Ready, I guess?' the driver asked.

'All done nicely, it seems,' answered the men.

'Ah, dear Mother! Well, now lend a hand.'

Three able-bodied men took hold of the inert figures and, dragging them on their backs as they would sacks of potatoes, carried them out and put them in the sleigh.

The third member of the 'troika' regained consciousness for a moment, and, inhaling the fresh air noisily, muttered: —

'Instead of devoting themselves to reconstruction — this is what they 're doing! And what might be the reason — '

AN EPIGRAM

BY IRENE H. LEWIS

[*Poetry Review*]

THE Noon is a scarlet flower,
The Night is a purple leaf,
The Morn is a cool white bud
Laid to the cheek of grief.

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GEORGE MEREDITH[1]

BY SIR EDMUND GOSSE

[This is a review of J. B. Priestley's new Life of Meredith, written for the English Men of Letters series.]

In this study of the most contradictory of modern authors, Mr. Priestley has made a contribution to criticism which is astute, generous, and candid. The time was ripe for such an adventure, since the wrangling about Meredith's qualities and demerits, which raged immediately after his death, had died down and had left a certain sense of fatigue behind it. The excessive praise of every section of his work had worried the public, and people had begun to dismiss the theme with: 'Well, praise him to the skies as much as you like; I can't and won't read a page of him!' More than any of his contemporaries, George Meredith has been the victim of prejudice; it has seemed impossible to approach him with detachment; it has been necessary to be a whole-hearted partisan or else a mere devil's advocate.

The reasons for this should be easy to find, though they have been commonly overlooked. In the first place, the personal aspect of the author was irresistible and yet contradictory; he made a mystery of his life, and yet revealed all its incidents; his views and his practice were glaringly inconsistent; and beyond this was the fact that he wrote beautifully and yet wrote atrociously, that he mingled philosophical sincerity of thought with insufferable affectation of language, and, finally, most baffling of all, that he combined a positive obsession for ornament with a lack of all æsthetic basis of style.

Scarcely a task could be conceived more delicate than to produce a really critical study of a figure so prominent and emphatic and at the same time so illusive and in some conditions so hollow. It was not difficult, as many worshipers found at the close of last century, to stand in front of the enigma and shout, 'Beautiful, beautiful!' It was equally easy to sweep away the reputation of an author who so frequently and so recklessly abandons himself to the enemy as Meredith does. But to discriminate between the good and the bad, to show the subject infinitely fallible, and often ugly, and sometimes even mean, and yet to insist on the beauty and the nobility of other aspects — this was rarely achieved. Mr. Priestley has done it; and the cardinal merit of his study of Meredith is that he keeps his temper both with the novelist and with his readers. This may seem an odd basis for praise, but in fact it has been temper, — that is, the direct indulgence of temperament, — rather than cool and discreet judgment, which has hitherto incited both the adorers and the detractors of Meredith.

Mr. Priestley gives the first quarter of his study to a compact biographical summary of his author's life. The facts have been known in detail since the publication of the biography by Meredith's cousin, Mr. S. M. Ellis, in

[1] From the *Sunday Times* (London weekly journal), *June* 6

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1919. This memoir, which was remarkably frank in its revelations, disclosed a Meredith whom it took his admirers a little while to recover from before they recognized in new guise the man who had so carefully built up around himself a very different legend. It 'let the tailor out of the bag,' as Mr. Priestley amusingly says; it exposed strains of obstinacy, commonness, and even harshness, which were not serious, but were disconcerting; worst of all, it told the altogether ignoble tale of the Tory leaders anonymously written for a salary by the loudly professing Radical. These expositions, and the discovery of a general lack of dignity and charm in the conduct of a practically blameless life, took the gilt off the gingerbread, and reduced the stature of the giant. For all this, Meredith himself must be held responsible through his unnecessarily fantastic tricks of partial self-revelation.

But, after all, if the gilt looked pretty, it did not help us to digest the gingerbread, and Mr. Priestley, following Mr. Ellis in this, does well to reveal the subterfuges of a man who, at all cost, would insist on being different from the ordinary. Now, George Meredith, in spite of his vociferation to the contrary, was in many respects quite ordinary. He perceived the weakness, and was untiring in his self-conscious reactions against it. This was the secret of many of his foibles, and in particular of his trick of deliberately making his prose and verse obscure, or at least difficult. It was the source of the nonsense he talked about 'the Celtic strain' in his blood, which was purely Anglo-Saxon; and of the persistent legend which he fostered of his want of success. His conversation, spluttering and crackling in amazing explosions, hardly paused long enough to make analysis possible, but offered, on subsequent reflection, odd contrasts of value.

The personal importance of impressions of Meredith is so widely recognized that perhaps I may be pardoned for recording the little fact that it was in 1878 that I first met him, in circumstances favorable for observation. I was dining with James Cotter Morison, that dear and good man, with whom I enjoyed until his death the inestimable privilege of intimacy. We were alone; but after the meal, quite unexpectedly, there burst in upon us a tall, romantic figure in homespun, George Meredith, resonant from the very door in a torrent of talk. I was presented to him, and was received with the greatest possible affability. I settled down, as did Morison also, to the charmed immobility of listeners.

Meredith talked, in the most rewarding way, about some lectures he had given, and, with waggish mystery, of a great novel he was planning, of which he would give no particulars, but more about his poems. He spoke of a classical piece, — I suppose, 'Phœbe and Admetus,' — and he recited some lines of it in a strange, loud, choking voice, difficult to follow. He seemed to lay himself out before us as a kind of spectacle, and it struck me at the time that he was conducting us to look at him as though he were an object in a glass case. I thought that, appreciative as we were, he would have liked a larger audience, and, indeed, when the maidservant came in to put coals on the fire a livelier iris seemed to shine on the burnished surface of his conversation. Shall I dare to confess that all this volubility and effusion were slightly displeasing, although they were obviously designed to please? Nor did I, on subsequent and numerous occasions, ever achieve a perfect sense of comfort in Meredith's ebullient company.

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Meredith's inability to say anything simply is the canker in his writings as it was in his conversation. Once he was invited to stay in college at Cambridge in June. He replied: 'Impossible, my friend! 'T is the month when our associates congregate to pluck me like a daisy!' He meant that in June he was always engaged, but what a mode of expressing the fact! He was the passive victim of this flowery allusiveness; it had grown to be a second nature, if indeed it was not the first, and his writing became as alembicated as his talk. What was fatal was that he specially used his artificial euphuism on occasions when his genuine fancy flagged, so as to give a spurious brightness to what was commonplace — not accepting the momentary defeat, but brazening it out into a victory.

Hardly a page of Meredith's later poetry and prose but exhibits to the careful analyst lapses of sense and form allowed to pass uncorrected in the hope that by covering them with tinsel their poverty will not be observed. And this makes Meredith, of all writers, perhaps the most difficult to deal with justly, because the reader, if he is not abjectly delivered over to admiration, is forever tormented with the fear of neglecting what is good and resigning himself to what is bad. Well may Mr. Priestley describe *One of Our Conquerors* as 'a charnel house of slain English'; but yet he condones the butchery. Has even so careful and resolute a critic as he the right to do this? Does any profusion of epigrams and electrical statements make up for outrages upon language, an empty pretension of richness, a semblance of passion expressed in stilted formulas as cold as ice? Can the author of *Lord Ormont* in prose and 'The Empty Purse' in poetry be called an English writer at all?

But when we have arrived at the point of putting to ourselves such desolating questions, we open *The Egoist* or *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, and our doubts are once more swept to the winds. Here is imaginative romance, blended with keen psychological insight; here are a freshness, a glow, a bracing impact with life, which make mere faults of technique relatively unimportant. And yet almost immediately the cloud begins to rise. There is so much vitality about the main figures, as they leap and sparkle across the stage, that we ask ourselves — perversely, perhaps, since we ought to be possessed by our emotion — why so excellent a craftsman should have wasted his energies over the silly epigrams of Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson and the futilities of the Pilgrim's Scrip. Those of us who are old enough to remember what a change of mood came over our whole impression of the novel from our first experience of Meredith's experiments may wonder and confess, but scarcely explain, why the charm has ceased to work, why the perfume has evaporated. Largely, we may suggest, because what made Meredith's prose so noticeable has ceased to surprise, while the faults that underlay the glitter have become emphasized.

The whole problem, however, is difficult, and it is quite plain that Mr. Priestley, with all his loyalty and clear-sightedness, has been much perplexed. On one subject, the literary influence of Meredith, I cannot share his view; in quantity perhaps Mr. Priestley is right, but not, I think, in quality. I cannot perceive that the modern novel, in its healthiest forms, 'begins' with Meredith. It begins with Henry James.

But what Mr. Priestley says about this is worthy of all attention.

The poetry of George Meredith is, however, the field on which the battle

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between his idolators and his detractors rages with most fury, and here the difference of opinion has been so excessive as to make a just balance almost impossible. Mr. Priestley at this juncture, as elsewhere, is judicious, but I must think, though the elect may tear me in pieces for saying so, on the whole too indulgent. I am surprised that he dwells so little, indeed not at all, on the *Poems* of 1851. He does not even mention 'Love within the Lover's Breast,' undoubtedly the purest and most limpid of Meredith's lyrics. As 'Love in a Valley' is so universal a favorite, and deservedly beloved, I should like some explanation of what inspired this remarkable piece.

Ah! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound her,
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away.

Nine readers out of ten, asked who wrote that, would say, 'George Meredith, in "Love in a Valley,"' but they would be wrong; it was written, with other lines even more Meredithian, by George Darley, who died in 1846. There are fewer echoes of other men in Meredith's volume of 1862, but also more harshness, more of this sort of thing, which is calculated to make the Muses wail aloud and cover their faces: —

For you are one who raise the Nymph
Wherever Nature sits alone;
Who pitch your delight in a region of lymph,
Rejoiced that its arms evade your own.

In a brief review it is impossible to touch upon all the facets of so complex a being as the author of *Evan Harrington* and *Harry Richmond*, but the treatment Mr. Priestley gives to the comic spirit in Meredith must not be left unmentioned. This is a subject upon which the author himself laid particular stress; he believed himself to be one of the great humorists. This is a question into which space fails me to enter, but I will refer the reader to the admirable chapter devoted to it.

At one point in Mr. Priestley's well-ordered narrative I must interpolate a correction, or at least an expansion. He says: 'In 1858 Mrs. Meredith left the country with an artist named Wallis.' This is all he says, and it is not enough about an occurrence that left a permanent stamp on Meredith's character. 'An artist named Wallis' is a quite inadequate description of Henry Wallis, whose 'Death of Chatterton' was the principal sensation of the Royal Academy of 1856, and who was one of the most promising young painters of the day. It was generally expected that he would be elected A. R. A. at the very time that his quixotic and, of course, blameworthy act broke up his career. The circumstances should not be mentioned without the statement that the 'elopement' was an act of self-sacrifice on the part of Henry Wallis, who regarded it as chivalric to rescue a woman who bitterly complained to him of neglect and harshness on the part of a husband who had certainly long shown that he was tired of her.

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THE GREAT STAGES OF CIVILIZATION[1]

BY PROFESSOR FRITZ KERN

[THE following article is the substance of an address delivered last June by the Professor of Modern History at Bonn University upon the one hundred and fortieth anniversary of the opening of that institution.]

EVEN the most primitive human culture of which we have positive or conjectural record must have been preceded by an immense period of even more rudimentary development. We cannot picture those ages of gradually lifting darkness that foretold the dawn. That was the incubation stage of primitive culture, which in turn may have existed for hundreds of thousands of years, but even at its origin represented the fruit and culmination of a vast anterior history.

The economics even of this primitive culture was scarcely more than that of the beasts. It consisted chiefly in the appropriation of the spontaneous gifts of nature. Nesting under the shelter of a tree or of an overhanging cliff, practically naked, but covered with the accumulated filth of years, the wandering ancestor of man possessed no other property than a weapon and a tool or two of wood or stone, and perhaps a piece of bark or skin for covering. His only centre of domesticity was the fire. Nevertheless, he had made vast progress toward law, morals, and family institutions beyond that of the animals. The hunting bounds of the horde were well defined, and within them peace was kept. Youth were instructed in such rude and simple arts and customs as there were. Loyalty to one's blood, honor to one's elders, and the idea of divine punishment were already inculcated in men.

The first step forward from this primitive culture probably occurred far back in the Glacial Age, in some part of Asia where game was so plentiful that a relatively dense population of hunters could exist. When men were thus thrown into closer association a rudimentary division of labor probably sprang up, and with it the first elements of trade. The family, which had been the only social unit hitherto, thereby lost some of its importance, which was transferred to the tribe. Tribal hunting, warfare, and traffic extended the area with which the individual was familiar. Accompanying the acquisition of more varied possessions came new passions — love of display, covetousness, ambition. A modicum of leisure from the mere struggle for existence begot a conscious, if exceedingly rudimentary, philosophy of life based on magic and on human relationships symbolized by animals. In fact, at this stage of its evolution primitive culture seems almost everywhere to have assumed the form of totemism.

Almost simultaneously with this development, perhaps, a second phase of primitive culture arose in warm, moist districts, where the presence of certain plants useful to man suggested their cultivation. It was at this point

[1]From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily), *June* 8, 10

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that the economics of production began to reënforce the economics of appropriation, and the idea of private property was correspondingly strengthened. A crop belonged to the cultivator, and, as the cultivators were in most cases women, the mother replaced the father, who had naturally been the property holder in the hunting stage, as the economic head of the family. Men began to reckon relationship on the mother's side, and inheritance passed through the women. On the whole, during this cultural era men led a dull, narrow, vegetative village existence, which evolved its peculiar philosophy of life, including ancestor worship, with its variant, head hunting, accompanied by the slow acquisition of certain handicrafts, like weaving and making pottery.

It is doubtful if these two forms of primitive culture — the totemism of the hunting and fishing tribes and the matriarchy of the tilling tribes — would have developed into anything higher if a third variant of this culture had not arisen on the great plains of Asia, where pastoral life had its beginning.

The economics of this culture was based on the flock or the herd. Its organization was strictly patriarchal, for the herd is the man's possession; and it was likewise nomadic. The primitive pastoral tribes were spared the toil and uncertainty of the daily chase, but acquired new cares and duties, slightly more systematic than the old ones. Probably social classes, based upon distinctions of wealth, first appeared among these nomadic herdsmen. While polygamy as an institution began among the earliest agricultural tribes, where women were preëminently the wealth producers, monogamy was practically universal among the totemist hunting tribes, and also among the nomadic pastoralists. The religion of the latter, while more primitive, was simpler and purer than that of either the totemists or the land-tilling delta villagers.

Ten thousand years ago these three phases of primitive culture prevailed throughout the inhabited earth. But the totemists were already being elbowed out to the marginal regions of the world. The agricultural races were far more numerous, especially in the tropics and the near-tropics, where their village communities had multiplied until they filled most of the fertile plains and river valleys. Farther north were the nomadic pastoralists, more enterprising and more warlike, though far less numerous, than the settled populations to the south.

It was doubtless from these plainsmen that the first conquering and invading armies sprang. Accustomed to manœuvring great herds of cattle over wide distances, organized in patriarchal hierarchies, and no doubt already accustomed to trespass on and to raid the fields of the nearest cultivators, it was an easy step for the shepherd chieftains to make themselves masters of armies and herders of nations. Thus Mongols, Malay Polynesians, Semitic-Hamitic tribesmen, and Indo-Germans, probably proceeding originally from the great plain country of Asia and Europe, extended their sway over wide areas. Their incursions were in two successive phases. At first they simply plundered the settled land tillers, as a bear robs a beehive. Subsequently they discovered the advantage of making their homes there as a ruling caste and protecting the beehives that supplied them with honey.

A code of ethics extolling the predatory virtues thus arose. The fighter was exalted over the producer. This is illustrated in an ancient table song of the Dorians: —

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I have vast treasures — a spear and a sword.
With these I plough and reap my harvests.
These make me master of my laboring slaves;
They never venture to bear sword or spear;
They grovel on the ground at my feet;
I lead them in the leash as I would lead a dog.

Consequently, it was not earlier acquisition of metal weapons that gave the conquering nations their superiority, but it was discipline, organization, and initiative. Upon these their masterful pride and their superiority complex were based. Bravery, indifference to hardship, self-discipline, were the virtues of these 'sword nobles.'

Thus the land hunger of mobile nomadic races in the course of time taught them to dominate subject territories and populations, and to lay the first foundations of the State. The latter originally took shape as kingdoms and empires in the fertile and densely populated river valleys of what are now Mesopotamia, Egypt, India, and China. Seeds of imperialism were first sown in this fertile soil. At this time the Indo-German tribes began to assert their ascendancy, as Æschylus sang: —

Arias's heroic brood,
And they who dwell amid steep precipices
Close to the Caucasus,
Wild hordes striking terror with the clash of their lances.

This stage of human culture witnessed the culmination of the vertical organization of society, where princes, upon whose will the weal and woe of every man depended, ruled like gods incarnate over servile subjects who were mere property in the hands of their masters. The Emperor of China was the Son of Heaven, the Pharaohs were deities, the Roman emperors were shown divine honors. This superman status had as its corollary the subhuman status of the masses — of the serfs and slaves.

Nevertheless, the earliest cultural achievements of the race were paid for with slave labor. To the compulsory toil of the unfree our race owes its first great monuments of architecture and its first great public works, such as the Pyramids of Egypt and Mexico, the irrigation systems of Babylon and Peru, the military roads of the Romans and the Incas, and the Great Wall of China.

In a few favored spots this economic system, based on the absolute sacrifice of the many to the few, blossomed into a truly brilliant culture — in the art and literature of Athens, in the fine craftsmanship of Persia, in the spiritual meditations of India.

No aristocratic culture could long survive, however, unless it constantly renewed its blood from the lower levels of society. It seems to be the rule that the more complex a civilization the less its chance of survival. Ancient aristocracies invariably degenerated in ease and idleness. The carrying on of a civilization, therefore, depends in the long run upon a self-perpetuating culture of the masses, which is to be found only where there is a free laboring class. Unless such a class exists, there is no blood from which the ruling and highly cultivated class can be rejuvenated. The absence of free labor explains the sudden and mysterious disappearance of so many ancient cultures and civilizations.

Since free labor began with the creation of a peasantry, it is important to distinguish between a peasant society and the old matriarchal agricultural communities of a more primitive period. We may say that the peasant appeared when the shepherd races, with their hereditary cattle-owning instinct, were married to the primitive cultivating races, and agriculture took one step forward as a consequence. Out of this alliance sprang an hereditary ploughing peasan-

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try, engaged in live-stock agriculture, where the labor was performed by man and wife together instead of by the woman, or squaw, alone. This peasant-family economy begot our fundamental economic virtues of industry, thrift, economy, provision for future generations — all of which are social values unknown to the savage. They are illustrated by the mentality of the Westphalian peasant who plants oak trees in his yard in order that there may be timber to rebuild his house two or three centuries hence.

This attitude of mind implies a sense of permanence, of being rooted to the soil, and with it an obstinate insistence upon property rights, and a keen appreciation of the communal values and the civic virtues that protect those rights. It was the creation of a true peasant class that gave Europe and the Indo-Germans their first start in the world. The formation of that class in our continent probably dates back to the later Stone Age. During the great migrations that accompanied this development a peasant nobility led the free citizens. When the Cimbri invaded Rome they did not demand cities and slaves, but farms and seed grain. They proposed to cultivate their fields themselves.

In order to fructify this pedestrian peasant culture, however, — in order that it might bloom into a higher culture, — certain new influences were needed. The old aristocratic civilization had existed in the warmer countries for some six thousand years. During perhaps half of this time it had been interwoven increasingly with new elements which we may call respectively the culture of redemption and the culture of enlightenment. Our present civilization preserves its inheritance from aristocratic culture in the State, its inheritance from the culture of redemption in the church, and its inheritance from the culture of enlightenment in bourgeois society.

The great new movements which were identified with the names of Zoroaster, Lao-tse, Buddha, Plato, and Christ were a sort of antitoxin against the self-engendered poisons which had destroyed all previous civilizations. Based, as those earlier civilizations were, upon the inequality of men, the partial disintegration of the family, and the overemphasis of material things, they were peculiarly subject to degeneration, especially as their chief seats were usually great cities, where the seeds of social demoralization are ever most abundant. To these ancient civilizations, which, despite all their brilliance, aged so rapidly, the culture of redemption came like a principle of rejuvenation. In the Upanishads it is asked: —

> How can he who has tasted of immortality
> Strive henceforth for unrealities?

To repudiate the natural striving after pleasure meant, amid the manifold temptations of the higher civilization of that day, emancipation, freedom, and peace for the soul.

> Let him seek pleasure who cannot believe;
> Let him deny himself to whom belief is given,
> For that belief is thy allotted bliss.

Peace of the soul, however, generally means a battle with the world. The age of saints and ascetics accentuated the contrast between the kingdom of this world and the kingdom of God. This was no mere theoretical opposition. The new culture of human redemption did not content itself with preaching redemption, mercy, human dignity and equality, and reverence for the things of the spirit. It organized and institutionalized itself, and ultimately incorporated its doctrines in the very structure of society. Rulers conceived themselves to be agents of a divine will, responsible for both the

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morals and the religious opinions of their subjects. Heresy was punished, and immorality was made a crime. Redemption culture aims to reform society — an idea that had never previously dawned upon the world.

Art, which in primitive culture had hardly existed, and had been confined to decorating articles of personal adornment and to certain ritual ceremonies, and which in the aristocratic cultures of the ancient world did not rise above the gratification of mere sensuous tastes, now received a deeper content, a spiritual, symbolical meaning, a sort of consecration, illustrated, for example, in a thousand literary forms, from David to Dante.

But the weakness of this redemption culture lay in its neglect of all that did not serve its specific object. Where it held full sway material culture made little progress. On the other hand, it became infected with many of the vices of the cultures that had preceded it. Spiritual princes and place holders borrowed with ruinous results the ideals and practices of the older aristocratic cultures. But the more political power they acquired with which to fight evil in the world, the readier they were to forget that the first command of their culture was to conquer one's self. Moreover, since this preoccupation with redemption made men indifferent to natural science and the conquest of nature, its acquired conservative sympathies made it instinctively favor outgrown, ancient errors and superstitions. Again and again were the money changers and the bigots driven from the temple, only to return.

Every highly developed culture has its critical points of stress and weakness. The early aristocratic organization of society was debilitated by economic privilege and by the hard and fast barriers between ruler and subject. What I have called redemption culture, after it had become institutionalized, was exposed to attack on account of the contradiction between God's teaching and the practices of His servants. Evils begot criticism, and a new race of martyrs appeared among the champions of a still newer culture of enlightenment, just as the earlier period had had its religious martyrs in its struggle against the old aristocratic constitution of society.

Thus the culture of enlightenment was in its genesis hostile to both the aristocratic and the redemption culture. It championed freedom of the intellect. Its bitter '*Écrasez l'infâme!*' hurled against those whom it charged with being the prison wardens of human rights, expressed the instinctive opposition of middle-class society to either an aristocracy or a priesthood government. The new culture was greatly aided in this conflict by its positive accomplishments. It released new sources of human energy and brought to light new social values. It developed a new ethical standard, the academic or scientific conscience, perfected methods of exact research, and by its discovery of natural laws and its mastery of natural forces has done more to change the aspect of the globe within ten generations than did all the thousands of generations that preceded it. Its creed was rational progress; its heroes were the discoverer and the pioneer.

Thus enlightenment culture stood for the fourth great revolution in human history. The first was the economic revolution that occurred when primitive man ceased merely to appropriate the free gifts of nature like the animals before him and began to produce the things he needed; the second was political, when ruling castes and races arose to create States

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and a hierarchical social system that afforded a small upper class the leisure to think and to develop arts; the third was the religious revolution that took place in the minds and hearts of men when the great principle of personal redemption became the common property of humanity. Now came this fourth revolution of Promethean optimism, which bent its energies to reshape the world after the image of the human intellect and to make man master of his physical environment.

But this culture too had its weakness. It degenerated all too easily into a culture of mere physical gratification. Evidences of this appeared very early, even in the ancient world — for brief premonitory anticipations of each of these cultures preceded by centuries the final assertion of its supremacy. For example, the wonderful civilizaton that arose in Hellas in the fifth century B.C. was a classic transition from aristocratic culture to enlightenment culture. But this was a premature blossoming, before the world was prepared for it. All that Europe, at least, rescued from the collapse of ancient civilization was that earlier concept of redemption, and not the concept of enlightenment and intellectual progress. These latter did not revive as a potent social force until the Renaissance came, like a new springtide, when all the latent buds of ancient learning and enlightenment burst forth with new vigor and under a more favorable environment.

Our modern enlightenment culture, however, although it has emancipated the individual from the political and intellectual thralldom of earlier days, has attacked the personality from a new angle, by subordinating it to the narrow routine of capitalist production, and to excessive specialization of both our mental and our physical activities. In the profound words of Æschylus, Prometheus has,

> Boldly defying the anger of the gods,
> Bestowed on men honors beyond their deserts.

Our pan-technic civilization, which has overshot its mark, has not brought men happiness, but merely an overspecialized type of existence which has become an end in itself, and which threatens to block the larger path of human evolution.

We must not assume, however, that the supremacy of one type of culture preludes the contemporary existence of another type. Rather it tends to perpetuate and absorb elements of all of its predecessors, so that these largely predetermine its development. Our age of enlightenment has invented nothing in social politics, unless it be the theories of the Manchester School. All of our philanthropic and social-welfare methodology is borrowed from ecclesiastical culture. Nor has it contributed anything to ethics outside of utilitarianism. Moreover, from Socrates to Kant every idealist of the enlightened type has felt himself closely akin to the religious world.

To-day our Americanized metropolitan culture, entangled in restless combinations, discordant and fragmentary, steeped in illusions yet highly self-analytical, is conscious of an urge to transcend its limitations, but cannot rise to the level of intelligent introspection, and is incapable of conceiving life *sub specie æternitatis*. The industrial revolution, taken in its widest sense, has disintegrated mankind into a horde of spiritually disassociated atoms. The substructure upon which the Babylonian tower of contemporary civilization rests is an immense mass of the disinherited, who have lost more than they have gained from freedom and have turned against bourgeois society without having any-

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thing better to put in its place. With their thoughts centred only on the material blessings they lack, the masses are doomed to a philosophy of negation, and, although they are only the stepchildren of enlightenment, they follow their stepmother through thick and thin. They no longer go to the Scriptures for comfort. They scoff at the evangel of sacrifice.

A certain dualism in every cultural transformation, in every great historical advance, reveals itself here, and we see progress as a swinging back and forth of the pendulum, where in gaining one thing we invariably lose another. The conqueror civilizations of the earliest periods of recorded human history, which completely disregarded the masses, produced a reaction which manifested itself in a culture of redemption, of absorption in a life to come, which was logically accompanied by a contempt for material things and natural science. Another swing of the pendulum has brought us back to our present enlightened and highly materialistic civilization, which might easily crumble into fragments were it not for the saving principles of the older redemption culture and the virtues of our venerable peasant culture, which it has incorporated. Manifold parallels and antitheses appear when we come to analyze this interworking of great cultural traditions. Christianity on the one hand, and the Indo-European races on the other, owe their supremacy in the world to-day to no mere accident, but to the fact that these vital cultural elements are most effectively balanced in their case. The first task of the study of human history is to try to trace in the action and reaction of these forces the inflexible moral law that controls them, albeit at times obscurely.

The accelerated rhythm of history in our own time, so to speak, telescopes different stages of culture, so that transitions which in the earlier history of the world took thousands and tens of thousands of years to accomplish are now concentrated within a few centuries or even decades. Saturn devours his children. Nothing seems to be permanent, and so unstable is our age that arrival and departure appear to overlap. Even the classical seems doomed inexorably to grow out of date, and we are seized with a foreboding that the very life principle of all culture is growing aged and senescent. What stresses and strains society encounters to-day, such as no previous period of history ever experienced! We imagine that civilization is plunging to its end, and that primitive forces that we fancied were long since banished from the world are about to reassert their supremacy.

In order to realize the thinness of our veneer of civilization, it is not necessary to go to the African jungles or the Central Australian deserts, where radio messages flash through an atmosphere still aquiver with voodoo incantations; or to where death-dealing bombing planes hover over the altars of the Temple of Heaven in Peking. No, the thinness of that veneer is still more evident to the person who with discerning eye studies the slums, the tenements, and the places of popular amusement of a modern Western metropolis, or who even reads our Sunday supplements.

Ever since Rousseau's day many sensitive souls have sought sanctuary from our discordant and fragmentary modern culture in a return to nature. For even the culture of redemption, which might at first glance seem to satisfy this craving, has its self-analyzing doubts. Only primitive culture seems naïve, and we heirs of all the progress of human history experience revulsions of feeling when we hark back

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to the simplicity of aboriginal life. Nevertheless, civilization ever reasserts its mastery, and the new values that our oversophisticated metropolis-dwellers of to-day attach to primitive culture, peasant culture, and redemption culture may themselves prove to be merely a new step forward in the evolution of that complex and eventually unanalyzable thing we call civilization.

In any survey of the past, the mind of the enlightened citizen of to-day rests with perhaps the maximum satisfaction, not upon that primitive state of nature to which we never can return, but upon that wonderful transitional period between the Middle Ages and the modern world. The spiritual content of redemption culture is the quintessence of humanity, and it must invariably keep returning in new forms as long as the nobler element in man survives. But the last word has not been spoken as to the historical forms in which this culture expresses itself. Even those which seemed the most final, in which mediæval Asia and Europe appeared to have crystallized their religious institutions for all time to come, we now see were but transitory.

Nevertheless, the fact and fancy of that period, so far as they were touched with the living spirit of transcendental truth, have survived, and even in their secularization have bequeathed a creative principle to our present age. Above all, artistic inspiration has revealed itself most abundantly where organized redemption culture has already begun to disintegrate and where the genius of mankind no longer worships it with unity and simplicity of faith but with labyrinthine contradictions. The names of Rembrandt or Goethe, of Beethoven or Michelangelo, illustrate this phase, where the old inward-looking personality culture comes into conflict with a new titanic urge toward the emancipation of the individual, and where the conflict between redemption culture and modern thought produces an unexampled wealth of new artistic forms. We cannot solve the problems of a civilization that is plunging ahead at an unprecedented pace by mere compromises, by safe and sane middle courses. Rather we are compelled by irresistible necessity to cast aside usages, customs, modes of thought, almost before they take solid form, in order to grasp and accommodate ourselves to the new.

But I must stop. I fear my subject has already carried me too far away from a purely objective bird's-eye view of the evolution of human culture, into problematical and uncharted areas of the human soul. We also incur a second danger. In attempting to bring the huge sweep of this mighty phenomenon of human history within a single focus, our vision is blurred to the most beautiful things it has to offer — its closeness to life, its imagery, its fine distinctions and individual tones. These mighty culture complexes, which hold imprisoned a man born into them as if they were his true horoscope, these powers of destiny, glide past our vision like overhurried pictures on a screen. So let us end here, after having touched upon a mere fragment of the greater theme before us, — as every life, and indeed the entire history of mankind, is but a fragment, — yet realizing that the most trivial episode in history must bear the stamp of one unfathomable law, which has controlled the development of all the stages of man's progress from the first dawn of primitive human culture to the infinitely complex and ever-changing civilization of to-day. And what of the future? That is a question which the conscientious historian leaves to be solved by the philosopher and the poet, if they are bold enough to venture upon the task.

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SIR HALL CAINE AND THE GREATEST PUBLIC[1]

BY P. MORTON SHAND

It is often one of the most baffling tasks for criticism to discover wherein lies the wider appeal of a book, and especially of those modern novels which, though they sell in hundreds of thousands, are usually considered rank outlaws from the province of fine literature. The problem, if not altogether new, is as recent as the coming of age of that vast body of potential readers enfranchised by the passing of the Education Acts. There have been many 'popular' writers of English fiction in the past, from Richardson to Lord Lytton and Mrs. Aphra Behn to Mrs. Henry Wood, but the first English novelist to win a public on what may, perhaps, be called the grand scale was Dickens. Dickens did not merely break fallow ground in writing about 'the lower orders'; he wrote, quite definitely, as much for as concerning them. Indeed, the criticism leveled against him in his day was that, in contrast to Thackeray, he was unable to draw the portrait of a gentleman.

With Dickens, then, that deliberate appeal to the wider and ever-growing reading public may be said to have begun — an appeal which necessarily entailed certain important modifications of accepted literary conventions, together with the sacrifice of the more austere and purely intellectual standards of culture. It is easy to dismiss inquiry into the extended popularity of an author, or a book, with contemptuous sarcasm, as appealing to the taste of half-educated minds. This is not criticism, and leaves the problem itself untouched. Some merit there must be, whether 'literary' or not; otherwise people would not buy these books in prodigious quantities. The 1921 figures show that of *The Eternal City* (published 1901) a million copies of the English edition alone had been sold; *The Christian* (1897), 655,000; *The Prodigal Son* (1904), 500,000; *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* (1913), 475,000; *The Bondman* (1890), 470,000; *The Manxman* (1894), 400,000; and of *The Deemster* (1887) fifty-two editions. The translations range through every language from modern Greek to Japanese.

Popular authors reflect accurately the culture, morals, and ideals, together with the prevalent level of literacy, of the great mass of the population in their age, and thus offer more information for the social historian than works of finer craftsmanship, which enjoy a more restricted appreciation and less immediate influence. Were we a Latin people, it is possible that the bulk of the wage-earners of the Industrial Era would have turned to a harsh and bitter realism in which life was painted for them brutally as they knew it, or to ruthless satires on those who exclusively enjoy the earth and the fullness thereof. In this country, reading made the masses desire romantic virtues, romantic vices, and a romantic setting in fiction and the drama.

[1] From the *London Mercury* (literary monthly), *June*

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The English, a people stoutly realistic of outlook in the past, have become increasingly romantic in mentality since the dawn of the Factory Age and the growth of the great manufacturing towns. Romanticism begat emotionalism, which in turn begat sentimentality. Wesley and the Evangelical Movement were the first symptoms of what was to prove a rapid and sweeping change in the national temperament. After the hysteria of the Mafeking celebrations in 1900 it became impossible for us to be considered any longer the reserved, undemonstrative race which foreign observers had hitherto declared us to be. The inevitable reaction from the drudgery and monotony of existence in the mean surroundings of the workers in factories and offices bred, especially among women, a desire to 'escape from life,' its grim realities, drab duties, and cheerless responsibilities by the opiate of a fiction largely remote from human nature or daily life, as these knew them, though with a factitious resemblance to both. The more sanguine spirits, especially among the youths, turned to books of adventure and mystery, and particularly to detective stories. Thus do the heroines and heroes of popular fiction, sublimations in idealism of the girl at her typewriter or bench of spindles, the boy at his desk or shop counter, become endowed with glamour. They never waver in a sublime faith in Prince Charming, or relax from the pursuit of the Golden Girl, till the 'happily ever afterward' of a full choral service crowns their ultimate romances at the cathedral steps. These are spared all preoccupations with earning their own living, clocking in, rent, fuel, food, wear and tear of boot-leather; or, if, perchance, some concession to actuality is made in this direction, it is in a manner wholly unconvincing but sovereignly genteel: —

> For the writer whose grip is strong, whose romance is really romantic, whose pathos is pathetic, whose power is powerful, there is an ever-increasing clamor. . . . Whether he is a journalist, novelist, or dramatist, whether he raises his curtain on tragedy or farce, in high life or low life, on the land or on the sea, an immense audience is always waiting to welcome him. . . . The theory of fiction, as I understand it, is not to offer mock history or a substitute for fact, but to present a thought in the form of a story, with as much realism as the requirements of idealism will permit.

What, then, is the nature of this idealism, which must be the first consideration in successful popular fiction? The answer, it would seem, is simply that roseate glamour which shall make any given story just romantically improbable enough to convince the reader that it could not have taken place in his own life or environment, and yet render it just realistic enough for him or her to feel that it might perhaps, after all, were one granted 'a second time on earth,' have happened to his or her idealized self as well as to another. A simple instance of this sovereign compound is afforded by the short official interview in Whitehall between the young Deemster Victor Stowell and the Home Secretary in *The Master of Man.* Asked whether he is married, he answers that he is not but hopes soon to be so: —

> 'Daughter of the Governor, is n't she?'
> 'Yes, but that is not her chief characteristic, sir.'
> 'What is it?'
> 'That she is the loveliest and noblest woman in the world.'

A young girl, unaware of his identity, meets her father again after many years: —

> Her eyes were full — she knew not why. Nature was saying something to her at last — she knew not what.

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Is it a young woman first realizing that she is in love?

The glorious choir of love birds in her bosom were singing so loud that she could say no more.

Or is it the description of an old woman?

Her hair was white that had once been dark, and her face, which had been full of the loveliness of love and the beauty of happiness, was scored deep with lines of suffering.

Is it the contemplation of death?

It was bitter to comfort himself with the thought that he was dead — dead in disgrace and in a foreign country, with no mother's tears falling on his face and no child weeping by his side, that tragic consolation of the dying.

Or its grandeur?

Death . . . waited for him somewhere. Somewhere and at some time — some day in the year, some place on earth. Perhaps his eyes knew the date in the calendar, perhaps his feet knew the spot on the land, yet he knew neither. Somewhere and at some time — God knew where — God knew when — He kept His own secrets.

'If a beginner were to ask me what school I consider best for a novelist,' Sir Hall Caine says in an autobiographical work, *My Story*, 'I should answer without hesitation, the school of journalism. . . . But journalism, to be the best school for the novelist, must be the journalism of the police court, the divorce court, the hospital, and the jail, where human nature is real and stark, if vulgar and low — not the journalism of society where humanity is trying its poor best to wear a mask.'

Yet in an actual court scene it is thus that the Newnham girl heroine, 'the loveliest and noblest of women,' is made to denounce the nameless lover of an infanticide girl-mother, whom she knows to be, not only her own betrothed, but also the judge sitting on the case: 'Shame on him! Let no good man own him for a friend! Let no good woman take him for a husband!'

Doubtless similar incidents do happen in court from time to time, but it is clear that in this case 'the requirements of idealism' have had more to do with the choice of scene and words than any sterner regard for the humdrum realities of life. There is a letter of Victor Stowell's describing his doings on a visit to London, addressed to the same lady: —

When I was last in London I spent my days and nights in the hotels, restaurants, theatres, and music-halls that are the lovely and beloved world of women. It is the world of women still, but quite another realm of it. Two nights ago I strolled westwards along Oxford Street, and thought (with a lump in my throat) about De Quincey and his Ann. . . . I tipped the porter to let me walk through Brick Court, and stood a long half hour before a house in the silent little square, thinking of the day when the women of the town sat on the stairs while poor Noll (Oliver Goldsmith) lay dead in his room above. And then, coming out into Fleet Street (midnight now) where the big printing-presses were throbbing behind dark buildings, I tried to think I saw the great old Johnson, God bless him, picking up the prostitute from the pavement, carrying her home on his back and laying her on his bed.

This can almost be paraphrased from a passage in *My Story*, where Sir Hall Caine describes his own night wanderings, observing the human jettison of the streets, in the London of his early journalistic days. Here again the style, straightforward enough narrative at the outset, soars at one flight into a period of glowing oratory: —

It was not a bad apprenticeship for a novelist to live among associates and scenes like these; but I think I can say with truth that what I prize most as the

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result of the experiences of those days is the tenderness it left for the poor and the oppressed, especially the oppressed among girls and women, whose sufferings utter a cry which even yet threatens to drown for me all the other sounds of life.

And indeed, sincere, even noble, though the rather mawkishly expressed sentiment is, it is true that this cry does, in a melodramatic and moralized form, only too often drown for him those other voices, probability, proportion, and even coherence itself. 'Holy women with angels hovering over you, who dares to think of devils tempting your innocence and love?' is but a commonplace of this imperious call.

John Storm, the curate hero of *The Christian*, expresses his life's mission in these ringing words: —

'Then,' he said, lifting a suffering and twitching face, 'to make an attack on the one mighty stronghold of the Devil, whereof woman is the direct and immediate victim; to tell Society over again it is an organized hypocrisy for the pursuit and demoralization of women, and the Church that bachelorhood is not celibacy, and polygamy is against the laws of God; to look and search for the beaten and broken who lie scattered and astray in our bewildered cities, and to protect and shelter them whatever they are, however low they have fallen, because they are my sisters and I love them.'

Nor is the claque spared: —

'God bless ye, laddie! That's spoken like a man,' said the old woman.

'We are all human, even if we are all gentlemen,' is his worldly vicar's view of the same problem; while the Prime Minister's private secretary thinks that 'for this polygamy of our "lavender-glove tribe" the nation itself will be overtaken by the judgment of God one of these days.'

Sir Hall Caine, then, satisfies the initial requirement of popular fiction in that he is paramountly romantic, often to the verge of verbal hysteria. His romanticism has two main currents, which are embodied as often as not in the same thought or utterance — the chivalric-feministic mission and the evangelical-religious vision: —

'And so,' said Philip bitterly, 'to save the man above from social suicide, the girl beneath must choose moral death. Is it that?'

But his feminism clothes no political aim and is directed against no remediable evil. For the basic passions to which the flesh is heir marriage is still the great harbor of refuge. The plea is not for the equality of the sexes, which he rejects as physiologically impossible, but for the compassionate protection of women by men — the last sort of sympathy or support the suffragist movement desired: —

When a good woman falls from honor, is it merely that she is a victim of momentary intoxication, of stress of passion, of the fever of instinct? No. It is mainly that she is the slave of the sweetest, tenderest, most spiritual and pathetic of human fallacies — the fallacy that by giving herself to the man she loves she attaches him to herself forever. This is the real betrayer of nearly all good women that are betrayed. It lies at the root of tens of thousands of the cases that make up the merciless story of man's sin and woman's weakness. Alas! it is only the woman who clings the closer. The impulse of the man is to draw apart. He must conquer it or she is lost. Such is the cruel difference and inequality of man and woman as nature made them — the old trick, the old tragedy.

Sometimes there is a democratic aspect of his romanticism: —

There is neither above nor below where there is real liking. If you like anyone and she is necessary to your life, that is the sign of your natural equality. It is

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God's sign, and all the rest is only man's bookkeeping.

Rossetti wrote to Sir Hall Caine, before they ever met, 'I think I see your field to lie chiefly in the noble achievements of fervid and impassioned prose.' No advice could have proved more dangerous, without a cautionary reference to the axiom that in all art there must be restraint, for it would seem that Sir Hall Caine has kept this ideal, in its literal application, ever before him. Indeed, with the almost solitary exception of *The Woman of Knockaloe* (1923), a work said not to have been intended originally for publication, though it is his finest achievement since *The Manxman*, he hardly ever allows himself to write anything but the briefest passages in ordinary narrative form. Even here the simple, direct, and very moving story is marred by its end. The lovers, the German man and the English woman, for whom there is no place left in the world, have made their death compact and stand on the edge of the cliff ready to throw themselves over. But before 'these two children of the universal Father, cast out of the company of men, separated in life and about to be united in death,' do so, they 'go through the burial service which they had appointed for themselves. . . .

> 'Jesus, lover of my soul,
> *Lass mir an dein Brust liegen. . . .*'

Du sublime au ridicule il n'est qu'un seul pas!

Sir Hall Caine, who, appropriately enough, was chosen to write the scenario of the British National War-Film, may be said to have invented scenario writing while the cinematograph was still nothing but a scientific toy. To read one of his novels is to experience the same sort of sensations as when watching a 'thrilling and gripping screen-play of the heart,' 'full of emotional and dramatic interest,' unwind its five reels. The short moralizing passages, which link one scene of action or declamation with another, afford a parallel, almost a paraphrase, shorn of its outstanding Americanisms, of the common jargon of 'captions': —

> Love might be the light of life, but . . . millions of hearts in all ages were like old battlefields, with dead things, which nobody knew of, lying about in the dark places. And yet the world went on!
>
> It is true that all the victories of war are as nothing against the golden head of one darling child, but then nobody sees that now. Nobody in the world has ever seen it — nobody but He . . . 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' . . . But only think! That was said two thousand years ago, and yet . . . and yet. . . .
>
> . . . Jenny, a typical cockney girl of the humblest class, untidy and unclean, but as bright as a London street sparrow, and with a big soft heart in her little vulgar breast.
>
> A young woman, in the costume of a nurse, with heaving breast, quivering nostrils and flaming eyes, rushed through the gate with outstretched arms to stop them.

This, then, is the most conspicuous characteristic of his power as a writer, the force of almost garish visualization, of making a scene live and its actors move and speak, if not exactly in the light of day, at all events in the glare of the limes. The reason, the intelligence, may reject both the characters themselves and the nature of the scene they enact, but the author's powers of presentation and animation are so tense that, even while admitting the justice of its own mental reservations, the mind involuntarily visualizes both, much as one may watch a living actor faithfully, even convincingly, personify upon the stage a part that one knows is grotesquely untrue to real life and utterly false to human nature. Two successive chapters of *The Deemster* are entitled 'Alone, alone — all, all alone!'

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and 'Alone on a wide, wide sea.' The same book closes with the Lord's Prayer; *The Christian* with the Marriage Service.

It has always seemed to me that your turn of mind and power of creation are specifically dramatic and that you will write, if once you take to that form, a very grand and moving play.

This was Blackmore's opinion. There is a zenith to everything, a degree that cannot be surpassed. Sir Hall Caine has adapted several of his novels for the stage. In this form they are neither more nor less dramatic — the adjective can hardly be admitted here without a qualifying prefix — than they were in their original form, because more 'drama' simply could not be squeezed out of their plots, or the 'dramatic possibilities' of the characters concerned further exploited.

With Sir Hall Caine, the Isle of Man is half the man and half the style also. It is his own home, his own country, loved with a glowing patriotism. It has been his closest study. His book, *The Little Manx Nation*, is a standard work of reference on the island and all that pertains to it. All that is best in his work has been written about the Isle of Man, or directly inspired by it. There is something inherently romantic about a small island, or a small people.

The island, then, gave him just the setting he needed for his vivid, over-emotionalized, but otherwise commonplace prose — the inherent romance of a picturesque and rather remote local color, and a racy, half-Irish, half-Welsh dialect of colloquial English with which to reproduce it. It is true that the scenery of the island, its inhabitants, their speech and customs, are sentimentalized on the syrupy Kaleyard model, but in the process of recording it the familiar Manx idiom usually proves too strong for the man, as for the writer, and prevails over both, informing, even ennobling, the style with its own quaint simplicity. There is a trenchant humor and aptness of phrase in this Anglo-Manx dialect, a humor and deftness of simile usually lacking in his other work. The stigma of illegitimacy sits the lighter in this predominantly Calvinistic island for the survival of such phrases as a 'rue-bargain,' 'bye-child,' or a 'merry-begot.' The two deemsters, or insular judges, taking the oath of office before the House of Keys, swear to administer justice 'as betwixt party and party as indifferently as the herring backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish.' In his early days as a schoolmaster he used to act as village 'letter-writer' — an apprenticeship he has turned to good account. His earlier dialect studies in the broad Cumbrian of the Fells were not oversuccessful experiments; his cockney dialogue is still less happy; but his Manx is supreme.

Wesley's brief revivalist crusade in the island has left a profound imprint on the mentality of the Manx crofters and fisher folk. Sir Hall Caine himself comes of stout Dissenting, even Puritan, stock. In fact, in many ways he is the typical and chosen novelist of Nonconformity, though scarcely of the Nonconformist conscience. It was from his grandmother, — whose portrait he has painted in his own story, in what is easily the most spontaneous passage in his prose, — a wonderful old lady who preserved a happy mental balance between the grimmest Primitive Methodism and Celtic fantasy and superstition, rather typical of the Manx people, that he learned as a small child those old Manx legends and fairy stories which have proved so invaluable to him in his work. To her influence too may be due, perhaps, one of the most telling touches in all his books — the

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description of a flock of sheep being driven through the deserted streets of the city at midnight.

It may seem curious that it was not till after he had published his first two novels that he began 'to see how readily the island lent itself to literary treatment, not merely for its own sake, but also for the sake of those great themes of human sin and sorrow which are never so well illustrated as when brought down to a little scene, a narrow focus, from the general to the particular.'

It is only when writing about Iceland, another remote island in which another small, self-centred population has piously preserved patriarchal customs, its ancient traditions and language, together with the sense of separate nationality, that he approaches the same vivid powers of presentation. Both *The Bondman* and *The Prodigal Son* contain arresting descriptions of glacier and lava scenery and the desolation of a treeless, empty land under an almost continuous ban of Nature, marred though they are by moralized homilies and glib philosophy. Rough Scandinavian skippers of colliers and steam trawlers, who read little and that unwillingly, but are keenly critical, will tell you that he has 'got' Iceland, the scene, the customs and the temper of its people. This is praise indeed. When he writes of Italy or Egypt it is different.

Only four of his books — together with his two early Cumbrian novels, the three war-propaganda works, and all but the title tale of *Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon* — are not set either wholly or in part in his native island: *The Prodigal Son* (mainly Icelandic), *The Eternal City* (Rome), *The Scapegoat*, 1891 (Morocco), and *The White Prophet*, 1909 (Egypt). The last two are among his relative failures. The excellence of *The Bondman* is largely due to its setting being wholly Manx and Icelandic.

The author of *Lorna Doone* said that Sir Hall Caine possessed 'that respect for himself and his readers which is the *sine qua non* of great work.' Sir Hall Caine's commentary on this eulogy is that

> the author who has won the great love of a section of the people [the phrase is significant!] for one story, or one character, must never hope and never desire to oust that love in favor of another story or character. He must go, if he can, to another section of the people and turn up fallow ground.

There is no evidence that Sir Hall Caine, any more than Blackmore, has ever attempted to do so. The same situations and characters repeat themselves, in different settings and under different names, in one book after another. The moral, the appeal, remains unchanged, and is always addressed to one mould of mind — the congenitally romantic.

Rossetti, Sir Hall Caine tells us, with loyal admiration for the poet to whom he was a staunch friend, 'grasped with masterly strength the operations of the two fundamental factors in the novelist's art — the sympathy and the tragic mischief.' This 'tragic mischief,' or, in other words, this heightened dramatic emphasis, is allowed, and even encouraged, to supplant the relative probability of 'as much realism as the requirements of idealism will permit,' with impossible coincidences, highly improbable misunderstandings, vows, prophecies, portents, 'voices,' and the like. It is often reënforced by repetition of significant refrains so as to enhance the momentousness of the successive stages of an approaching climax: 'The Sheean ny Feaynid had said so!' (*The Master of Man*); 'After all he killed my father!' (*The White Prophet*); and, in almost any book, such

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threadbare clichés as, 'But fate had not yet done with him.' Even Blackmore, on whom Sir Hall Caine seems to have modeled himself in many ways, said of an early work, "There is much strain on credulity.' The criticism is a perfectly fair one for nearly all his novels. But the romantic note, the dramatic touch, never flags: —

> Was it necessary? Inevitable? To be cast aside on life's highway in suffering and shame everlasting; to be like a wretched ship that lies at the bottom of the sea, swaying to the ground-swell below, and moaning like a lost soul to the moans of the other wrecks in the womb of the ocean.

The reader's interest is stimulated, titillated, even flagellated, by italics and all the resources of oratory and cumulative emphasis: —

> Speech was thin gauze, laughter was rolling smoke; so she laughed and laughed.

It means nothing, but it does undeniably aggravate the reader's suspense and sense of imminent doom. An unfavorable answer to a letter asking for employment becomes 'the reply he received was as smooth as a dog's tongue, and as useless for help or healing,' and is no longer a simple refusal, but a station on the road to perdition. In the domain of the passions the pace is yet more furious: —

> David Rossi heard it and understood it, and his nostrils quivered like the nostrils of a horse, and when he spoke again his voice shook with passion. . . . An oath burst from his lips and a red flame passed before his eyes when he thought of this, and he leapt out of bed as if something in his brain had snapped. . . . Their hands seemed to leap at each other and clasp with a clasp of fire.

The conventional claptrap of the sensational novelist? Perhaps; but this is not just smug padding, or careless writing in which the author has allowed himself to be carried away by rodomontade. These passages are deliberately designed to retard the action momentarily and thereby to spur the reader's excitement afresh at particular phases of his stories. In the same way the title, *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, with its Biblical and sexual appeal, is, for one of his books, a title that could not possibly be bettered.

The two books that have influenced him most are the Bible and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Whole passages of his are paraphrases of the former, and nowhere does his lack of restraint betray itself more nakedly than where he interpolates a verse or two of the Old Testament to enhance the awe of a situation. The hymnal, too, is frequently drawn upon, and, with the incessant invocation of the Deity, accentuates the religious-romantic appeal, the fervor of the 'message.'

The style of Sir Hall Caine is, on the whole, sustained and consistent. It is never careless, clumsily phrased or punctuated, if it seldom drops from that oratorical plane consonant with his mission. His association with Rossetti, the Pre-Raphaelites, Browning, Matthew Arnold, and such, he tells us, 'helped to elevate my ideals.' Once his ideals were duly elevated, and he had found the proper setting for his retold Biblical stories in his native island, his path lay clear before him. Yet he says that he's still serving his apprenticeship, that every book he has written has offered him greater difficulties to solve, and that 'there has always been a point of the story at which I felt confident it must kill me.' It is creditable that his published work shows little sign of the throes of labor.

His stories are stories only in a secondary sense; primarily they are skillful, well-documented propaganda, by an eloquent advocate with an unrivaled knowledge of how to sway the emotions of his audience into returning

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his own verdict. Probably no author has known his public better, even though this knowledge be subconscious and instinctive. If an experienced publisher's reader, unacquainted with Sir Hall Caine's works, had come across one of these manuscripts in anonymous form at any time during the last two decades, it is likely that he would have reported, regretfully, that, though the book must have proved a gold mine thirty years previously, there was no market for that sort of writing to-day; that it was too 'M.V.' He would have been wrong, of course, just as three quarters of the London publishers who rejected Mrs. Florence Barclay's *The Rosary*, for the same reason, were wrong. The largest reading public lacks a mouthpiece; it is not only inarticulate, but, definitely, some thirty years behind the tastes of the rest of an age. It may not know what it does want, and certainly it is incapable of asking, but it emphatically does know what it does not want and will not have. It does not like irony, or satire, and Sir Hall Caine has none to give; but it appreciates the scathing denunciation of wickedness and the exposure of a villain, and here Sir Hall Caine can satisfy it in full measure.

He himself has said that the public expects a novel to be 'light reading,' but there is no one of his own against which the accusation can be leveled, though he had as much as anyone to do with the substitution of the single-volume novel for the three. The 'message' is always to the fore, the 'mission' has still long to run, the tale may founder on the voyage, but the moral is always salved and brought safe to shore. His very vices as a writer, or, more properly, as an orator, honor him as a man.

He is a protagonist, not an artist; a preacher, not a painter. Though he may examine both sides of a problem, virtue is sure to triumph in life or death; he leaves no enigmatic note of interrogation for the reader to solve in his own way. He cannot 'exteriorize' himself. He never dallies, even for the sake of argument, with any other view or philosophy save his own rather narrow reading of the book of life. For him there are no riddles in it, though there may be many complexities. But there is a monotony, a staleness, about the similar purple passages, the obvious adjective that clings desperately to the tired noun, the impenitently labored emphasis, overcharged as a storm-cloud that grows more sombre and ominous, chapter by chapter, till it bursts in a hurricane of rant. Only at his worst has his style real individuality. Rob it of its artificial stress, its hyperpigmentation, and it is bloodless as machine-made, 'written-up' copy. There is no trace of that narrative of simple, direct statement, on a very limited vocabulary, which characterizes the popular tales of other ages, such as *Manon Lescaut*, that have survived.

But true to his island blood, whenever he writes of the sea he is at his best. It is as though a breath of fresh salt air had cleared his brain of the old tags of melodrama and declamation, of returned texts and repointed moralizings. The sea gives him his happiest vein, his aptest similes: —

> He trembled at the question, but found only one answer. It shivered at the back of his mind like the white water over a reef at the neck of a narrow sea.
>
> Bessie heard no more. A cloud passed over her brain that was like the rolling mist that alternately reveals and conceals a buoy at sea.
>
> Cæsar's at it still, going through the Bible same as a trawl-boat, fishing up the little texts.
>
> Philip . . . put his thumb into the baby's hand. It was sucked in by the

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little fingers as by the soft feelers of the sea anemone.

In *The Bondman* there is a really stirring account of a wreck off the Point of Ayre and the midnight farmhouse supper to the shipwrecked crew, while two admirable descriptions of a night at sea with the Manx herring-fleet will be remembered by anyone who has read them. It cannot be said that the order of his works reflects any noticeable mental development. The technique grows surer, the effects more telling; but that is all.

It is not only Rossetti, Blackmore, and Wilkie Collins who have praised the work of Sir Hall Caine. Sir Edmund Gosse wrote of *The Manxman* that it was 'a contribution to a literature,' for which 'the most fastidious critic' — who might well have been himself — would cheerfully exchange 'a wilderness of that deciduous trash which our publishers call fiction.' The pity is that there have been no other criticisms, favorable or the reverse, from authorities as eminent. Mr. Gladstone, who had patted Sir Hall Caine on the head as a child and prophesied that he would do something some day, was ready to vouch for the spiritual qualities of his work, which, we may take it, were very much what the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll had in mind when he said that 'the author has respected, and that deeply, his art, his readers, and his message.'

Although I am no believer in divorce [Mr. Gladstone wrote], I recognize the author's integrity of aim. . . . I cannot but regard with warm respect and admiration the conduct of one who, holding the author's position as an admired and accepted novelist, stakes himself on so bold a protestation on behalf of the things which are unseen, as against those which are seen and are so terribly effective in chaining us down to the level of our earthly existence.

This may not mean very much more at core than most of Gladstone's utterances, except as a rather sanctimonious endorsement of moral austerity, but it is almost his only recorded praise of a novel, and is a judgment expressing the verdict of his age. But Sir Hall Caine's aim is to turn the sinner away from his sin by depicting in exaggerated horror the cataclysm which each step in deviation from the straight and narrow way will inevitably lay to his score even on this side of the grave, and to show that there can be neither peace of mind nor security of place or possessions until fullest retribution has been made. In religious matters he is remarkably tolerant, — even toward the Church of Rome, — and his only indictment of any creed or sect is a short but bitter attack on the maternity and rescue work of the Salvation Army.

So far as I can see [he has written] there is only one thing the public demands and will not do without, whether in drama or novel, and that is human nature.

It is, with all respect to one who has felt the pulse of the greatest public in his own lifetime, a question whether by human nature is meant only a certain amount of it, its presentation according to tacitly understood conventions, or the whole of those complex passions, conflicting emotions, and elusive sentiments such as have been unraveled and laid bare by a Dostoevskii or a Stendhal. The sad fact emerges that where Sir Hall Caine writes best he sells least, even though the difference is only to be gauged in a few tens of thousands of copies.

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Three French Prize Winners

THE French Academy has awarded its three annual prizes — Le Prix de Roman of five thousand francs, Le Prix de Littérature of ten thousand francs, and Le Grand Prix d'Académie of fifteen thousand francs.

The winner of the five-thousand-franc prize is François Mauriac, who was discovered by Maurice Barrès in 1910. It is typical of the Academy to postpone recognizing this man's work for sixteen years. But better late than never, as the *Nouvelles Littéraires* says. The book that impressed Barrès was a collection of poems entitled *Les Mains Jointes* which he found in Paul Bourget's house. His almost totally meaningless essay of praise is full of elegant phrases — 'The charming music of this unknown singer,' whose imagination 'does not readily go forward, but is always returning on its footsteps, a little fearfully it seems to me, in order to hear and reawaken the voices of its infancy and to find security in their midst.' Thanks to his novels, *La Robe prétexte* and *L'Enfant chargé de chaînes*, published long ago, he has now found another kind of security, to the extent of five thousand rapidly depreciating francs.

Gilbert de Voisins, winner of the ten-thousand-franc purse, also dates back to 1910, and even earlier. His first book, *L'Angoisse de vivre*, appeared twenty years ago. Of this writer, M. Maurice Martin du Gard says: 'He has written books about quite ordinary existences; he permits himself all sorts of imaginative fancies; his novels, his descriptions of travel, his prose poems, aim only to show everyday life in its most unusual aspects. If his excellent work has not yet acquired fame, it is because the author is too modest a man. He never sends his books to reviewers.' Because he has friends in the Academy, he has been almost morbidly shy about putting himself forward for the kind of honor he has just won.

The Academy's Grand Prix of fifteen thousand francs goes this year to Georges Courteline, the author of *Boubourouche*, *La Conversion d'Alceste*, and *Le Train de 8.47*. His style is that of an elder day; or, as the *Nouvelles Littéraires* says, 'he belongs to the great French tradition.' His preoccupations do not coincide with those of the younger generation. All three awards have attracted more favorable comment than is usual in such cases.

India at Its Worst

EVEN Chop Suey, Count Hermann Keyserling, Round-the-World Cruises, Theosophy, Tagore, and Gandhi are not able to quench the enthusiasm that the East arouses in certain breasts. While England is vitally concerned with India, pilgrims from Iowa still provide the Swamis of Los Angeles with a thriving trade. Clearly the fascination rests on other than material grounds.

It is rewarding, now and then, to scrutinize some of these enthusiasms and try to reduce them to their simplest terms. Mr. F. S. Marvin of the *Manchester Guardian* has just been visiting both Gandhi and Tagore in their native habitat, and his investiga-

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tions will richly reward our attention.

Mr. Marvin found Tagore much impressed with Professor Formici of Rome, who had brought some books from Mussolini to add to the famous library in the poet's school at Bolpur. This library devotes an entire shelf to the best thought of some great cultural unity, — French, English, German, and now Italian, — though the richer Tibetan and Sanskrit cultures naturally require a whole room apiece. The Italian professor made a great impression with his theory of similarity between Italy and India. They are both, he pointed out, peninsulas; both are centres of world-wide religions; both were colonized by Aryan people from the north; both have an extensive seacoast and many mountains. The only thing he seems to have left out is that both begin with the letter *I*.

It goes without saying that Tagore was delighted by this erudite theory, but he did feel that many of us lack world perspective. On this issue he splits with the provincial Gandhi, who thinks that the Indians are just as good as anyone else, if not better. Tagore believes that alien civilizations are not necessarily evil, and that we should not lose the faculty of appreciating good things unlike our own. In recent years he has been impressed by the increased productivity of Japan, due to the fact that, unlike India, she has not been repressed by an unsuitable and alien education. On these subtle themes, which so obviously defy the grasp of our heavy Western minds, Dr. Tagore talked away.

Since Mr. Marvin's visit, Mussolini has also had the privilege of listening to some of the same talk — only in his case, since the mountain would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed came to the mountain, with a dreamy message for distressful Europe. 'Italy,' crooned Tagore, 'appears to me more than ever beautiful, and Florence fairest among Italian cities. But I should have preferred to come to Italy, not laden with years and fame, but in a neophyte's pilgrimage, even as Shelley and Keats came. Youth would have appreciated better still the message Italian poetry conveys. Yet neither celebrity nor old age is of my making or fault!'

It is hard for the American tourist to imagine what a painful burden this fame is, but Tagore's cheerful attitude toward his handicap is indeed inspiring: —

I am not made to run about the world and to be pointed out to the crowd, especially the European crowd. My life and its message are interior; all true life is interior. The multitude gathers to behold the Poet, to hear the Poet, yet, having seen and heard him, it does not know him, for the Poet remains concealed, and the louder the clamor, and the larger the multitude, the more deeply will the Poet withdraw himself within the shelter of his soul and rest unknowable. But how can I now rid myself of the burden of renown?

After prophesying that the present discontent would evaporate in time, the sage had his attention directed toward our own unfortunate country, and was asked if the necessary work of clearance and rebuilding could possibly come from across the foam. Here is his answer: —

No; America is too far away, too much a prey also to the very same ills that agitate Europe, too preoccupied with this world's goods, and too rich. One could quote to her the words of Christ: 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.' For America to prove of aid and inspiration to Europe, it would behoove her also to have gone through the deep waters of calamity. Moreover, America is not free. We in India are, it is true, under a foreign domination, but we are freer men by far than Americans — spiritually freer.

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To turn, in the company of Mr. Marvin, from Tagore to Gandhi is almost cheerful. The great Non-coöperator wears a simple loin-cloth instead of the poet's sport-model robes, and he enjoys a wide vogue among the mere people, who are obviously not yet ready for the subtler thought of Tagore. Nothing is left of Gandhi to-day but a gesture; his power and the threat that he once presented to the British Empire have gone up in smoke. At present he is not unlike the Wilson tradition here — noble, revered, and hopelessly passé. The typical Nationalist — the Gandhi man — believes as firmly as Tagore in the beauty of his own spiritual life and in the horrible crassness of the West; only in the case of the Nationalist this feeling is transformed into passive resistance, whereas it provides Tagore with splendid copy for his next lecture tour *in partibus infidelium*.

Bobby Jones and England

When Bobby Jones overcame the two-stroke lead that his partner Watrous had piled up and won the British Open, he scored as popular a victory as is possible for an American in England. So completely were the native stars eclipsed by the transatlantic invaders that the usual excuses of inferior equipment, stiff necks, and hard luck were not forthcoming. The one handle that British apologists seized hold of was Hagen's advice to take golf as a form of work. This gave them the pleasure of announcing that the English play for the love of the sport and not merely to win.

The fact that the amateur Jones is probably more aware of this distinction than the professional Hagen perhaps accounts for the popularity of the former, whose miraculous play aroused real enthusiasm. Then, too, Mr. Jones does not wear dizzy clothes, nor does he, like Francis Ouimet, organize impromptu quartettes to celebrate in song and on the spot the more important American victories. The wardrobes and manners of some of our wandering athletes might well strain the alleged friendly sporting relations between the two great English-speaking democracies, but in the following tribute to Mr. Jones in the *Daily Telegraph* one can discern something more than the conventional congratulation: —

> Mr. Jones is a worthy champion in every respect. He is extremely modest, hates to talk about himself, and shuns all limelight as he would the plague. When hailed as the champion by ten thousand people he vanished into the club house and shut himself up in a corner of the smoking-room. Not only had the magnitude of the victory stunned him, but the manner in which it had been accomplished. As the fates ordained, he was engaged in a titanic fight with one man only, and that man happened to be his partner. Watrous. Both were on the verge of collapse; in fact, one man did collapse, and that was Watrous. Mr. Jones kept his head and his nerve to the end.
>
> It is a pretty story, with a very human side to it. Mr. Jones and Watrous went out together on the last fatal round, accompanied by a vast crowd of people, and, though they exhibited no outward signs of partiality, one had not to be a Sherlock Holmes to discover where the sympathies of the men and women lay. They were with Mr. Jones, a quiet young man dressed in brown knickers and jersey, and wearing a cap which he pulled far over his eyes to keep away the fierce glare of the sun. When he played the shot he was swallowed up by thousands of excited people, who dashed madly forward to gain a point of vantage among the sand hills to see the next shot played. Watrous started with an advantage of two strokes, and these should have been enough if he had not broken down toward the end.

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Flying Revolutionized

SEÑOR DE LA CIERVA, a Spaniard, is the inventor of a new aeronautical device first tested in England last fall and more recently brought nearer perfection. It is called the autogyro. This contraption enables flying machines to land vertically and to rise much more quickly than they ever could before. The outstanding feature of the autogyro is that its planes revolve windmill-fashion at 135 revolutions a minute, thus developing a high lift and doing away with the necessity of rapid forward motion for rising and landing. The usual propeller drives the machine forward. In order to stand the bumps, the machine is equipped with a heavy undercarriage including shock absorbers of oil and rubber. Major Robinson, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, describes as follows the recent flight of Captain Frank Courtney: —

When Captain Courtney had taken his seat in the cockpit, a team of mechanics pulled on the wire cable which causes the blades to revolve (the engine was already running). When the blades were in motion Courtney commenced to taxi across the aerodrome, only just lifting his tail skid clear of the ground. The forward motion increases the revolutions of the windmill, and a run of about 120 yards is necessary in order to work the windmill up to sufficient speed to make flight possible. When a mechanical means of starting the blades has been devised, an autogyro will rise after a run of only a few yards. It must be understood that these blades do not drag the machine upward as a helicopter is supposed to do; they merely take the place of wings, and the pilot climbs or dives by raising or depressing an ordinary elevator hinged to the tail plane. In this machine the tail plane is somewhat smaller and the elevator rather larger than in a standard Avro.

The area of the four blades is 160 square feet, and the rate of revolution is about 135 per minute. When turning in the air it is not necessary to bank the machine steeply, and Courtney made almost flat turns. But the most extraordinary sight was when the pilot landed. About twenty feet up he shut off his engine and pulled the nose up until he stalled the machine. It dropped on to the ground like a skylark returning to its nest, and immediately pulled up dead.

In the second flight a newspaper was spread on the ground and Courtney tried to land on it. He only missed it by about ten yards, and with a little practice I feel sure he would be able to drop right on it.

The British Government has already ordered five autogyros, which it is equipping with different types of engines; and the manufacturers have also received inquiries from Japan, France, and the United States. A two-seater is being built, and various types of planes — light, fast, and heavy — will all be constructed along these new lines. It does not take much imagination to see how important such an invention may be, for it promises to do away with the large landing areas that airplanes have required in the past. It is bound to affect naval aviation by making it possible for flyers to land on almost any type of battleship, and, if the day of private airplanes ever dawns, the parking problem will be simplified enormously.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré. Translated and adapted by Sir George Arthur. London: William Heinemann, 1926. 21*s*.

EXCEPT for certain portions that have appeared in the *Living Age*, this is the first English translation of M. Poincaré's Memoirs. Although the author has already reached the year 1914, this volume covers only 1912. The difficulties in the path of the English reviewer are expressed as follows by 'Ignotus,' writing in the moderately Liberal *Observer*:—

> To Englishmen, our neighbor's hard, clear logic seems in the first place, not only inhuman, but contrary to the basic tenets of the Christian religion. It is also a violation of the higher logic and the higher realism in politics. It may look at first sight reasonable and expedient, but it is not really so. 'If,' argues the Englishman, 'it were possible to kill off the whole German people, the policy of that section of France which M. Poincaré leads and represents might be sound. But we all know that you cannot kill off a whole nation. All you can do is to impoverish it, and humiliate it, and drive it into a frenzy of hatred.' It follows that we have got to live in the same world as the Germans, and that they are bound to regain their strength. We could not, even if we would, tell them that the war was the last transaction between us.
>
> On the present occasion we are not going into the respective merits of these two views. We only state them to show how difficult it is for an Englishman to understand or to be wholly just to what he regards as the hard, narrow, mechanical syllogisms of a statesman like M. Poincaré. His inherent statecraft, his *étatisme*, his chastened Machiavellianism, are repellent in a high degree. It is true that in the present volume these qualities are not directly exhibited, but one feels that they lie sequestered in the ex-President's sardonic acid smile and his descriptions and speculations as to the origins of the war, or, at any rate, the tendencies in the direction of war, which were apparent in 1912. He seems like a cat lapping vinegar as he gives us his record of the foreign relations of the European Powers to each other during the period covered by the present volume. One has the sense of seeing a game of forfeits of the most soul-shaking kind played with an inexorable Fate. M. Poincaré notes down all the 'points' with perfect equanimity. There is here neither indignation nor remorse, nor pity, nor ruth. M. Poincaré's mental equipment holds, in fact, no place for 'the sense of tears in mortal things.'
>
> If they have statistical tables and graphs in the Elysian Fields, one feels that M. Poincaré would be just the exact and rigid immortal to compile them, though we sincerely trust that it will be very many years before he is eligible for the post in question.

The London *Times* reviewer not only reflects the orthodox opinions of his paper, but he gives a lucid summary of what the book contains. Here is his notice in full:—

> As the Duke of Northumberland points out in the preface to the volume before us, there is no person who has enjoyed such peculiar opportunities as has M. Poincaré of following the true course of French policy during the two critical years before the war, the war itself, and the years immediately following the war, for during the greater part of this period he held the high office either of President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs or of President of the Republic. The publication of his political memoirs,

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of which we have received an excellent translation by Sir George Arthur of the first installment, cannot but be a work of the highest political and historical value. M. Poincaré not only has a very retentive memory, but he has also enjoyed access to the French official records, and he is therefore able to give us the real story of French policy as it appeared to the responsible statesmen who were working behind the scenes. We need not say that this story, as he tells it, is one which differs in many ways from the partial, often deliberately partisan and propagandist, picture with which the public has been regaled. For throughout his political career M. Poincaré has been the centre of controversy. Regarded by some as the stern, unswerving, devoted champion of French honor, French dignity, and French security, by others he has been pictured to us as a dangerous adventurer, a man whose personal ambition and personal vanity often misled him into intensifying causes of unrest and conflict to Europe — if not, as an active propagandist campaign would try to persuade us, a man who throughout was secretly planning to bring about the war which would restore to France his native province of Lorraine. Against this charge he protests indignantly, for, as he says, 'What loyal son of Lorraine would have willingly condemned his home to the horrors of war, which would inevitably, if it once broke out, have visited it in special severity?'

This first installment is confined to the events of 1912, the year during which the author was Foreign Minister. He was called to office to clear up the confusion which had arisen from the controversy as to the respective parts taken by M. Caillaux and M. de Selves in the negotiations with Germany after Agadir. Here he shows himself, and we believe with truth, as a man who, having formed a strong Ministry representing many different aspects of French political life, was able to impose a settlement of a very awkward controversy. But the main interest of the book lies, of course, in the important events which took place during this year, events which were the immediate prelude to the situation out of which the war arose — the Turkish-Italian War, followed by the outbreak of the Balkan Wars. In dealing with these he gives us a picture more complete, more documented, of the actual working of the Dual Alliance and the Triple Entente than anything we have yet had. M. Poincaré was, we need not say, a stalwart and loyal supporter of the undertakings and understandings to which France had become a partner. They, in his mind, were the fundamental condition of European stability and peace, and his whole efforts were directed toward strengthening and solidifying them. It was a work not without difficulty. There were difficulties with England. We have a very interesting account of a warning given to him by Sir Francis Bertie, who, speaking not as an Ambassador, said: —

'Sir Edward Grey writes to me that you and M. Paul Cambon are both fully satisfied with our assurances as to the declaration of neutrality which Germany has asked for. I am just a little surprised that you take this so easily. If no declaration has been given, it does n't follow necessarily that it has been altogether brushed aside. What Germany asked of us was not a simple promise of neutrality, but a definite engagement to observe a benevolent neutrality; a ridiculous notion, as a benevolent neutrality is no longer pure neutrality. However preposterous this demand, Sir Edward Grey must have full praise for having blankly refused it — he is, as a matter of fact, surrounded by colleagues of whom several have leanings toward Germany. This makes me feel a little uncomfortable; it is imperative that this declaration of neutrality shall not be made, and there is some risk of it if the German Government returns again and again to the charge. It may be true that we are asked to be neutral only in the event of Germany being attacked; but who can say that the day may not arrive when France, irritated beyond measure and threatened by Germany, will be forced to take the offensive? No, believe me, it will not do for M. Paul Cambon to appear satisfied, and if only you speak resolutely to London the British Government will do more than hesitate before committing the blunder which I dread.'

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This difficulty was overcome. The British Government continued, of course, its policy of conciliation with Germany; it still aimed at being to some extent a link between the two Alliances, but no agreement was signed, and during the later part of the year M. Poincaré had the satisfaction of seeing the exchange of letters by which the military and naval conversations already existing were formally recognized.

More difficult, more persistent, more subtle, were his difficulties with his ally. A large part of the book is occupied inevitably with the perverted picture which hostile writers have attempted to build up on the published correspondence of M. Isvolsky. M. Poincaré defends himself, as it seems to us, with complete success against the malevolent interpretation which was based by writers in many countries on the partial and perverted use of isolated expressions from this correspondence. It was necessary to do so because, not only in Germany, but in France, to a certain extent in this country, and very largely in America, the campaign has been carried on, with all the energy of war propaganda, to picture Poincaré and Isvolsky as deliberate conspirators against the peace of Europe. To M. Isvolsky, M. Poincaré is, as indeed he is to all who oppose or criticize him, a merciless critic. We cannot indeed agree with the Duke of Northumberland's observation that M. Poincaré, 'as the head of the State, is above and outside all sectional points of view; his only limitation is the point of view of France.' We must add that (considering the provocation he has received, it is not surprising) the personal point of view, the defense of himself and his own action, takes a very prominent place in this book.

This is to some extent obscured in the English edition, which is not merely a translation, but an 'adaptation.' There are very considerable omissions; among these are passages and sections dealing with internal French affairs, the qualities and mutual relations of the men of whom his Cabinet was formed, and other leading politicians, which would presumably not be of great interest to English readers. In addition there are other passages the omission of which tends to remove the controversial and personal element which to English readers might appear to be too prominent from a man of M. Poincaré's position and in a work of this importance.

J. A. Spender, writing in the *Westminster Gazette*, is less friendly. He dwells at length on certain flaws of a minor nature, but some of his criticisms strike home. We give his review in part: —

> Though he has the art of writing sentences and paragraphs in straightforward, lawyerlike language, M. Poincaré is a difficult author to read in a book, and more difficult in English than in French. It is only gradually that we realize that this volume, which is translated and 'adapted' from two volumes in the French, covers only one year, the year 1912; and even in that year it is often far from easy to discover where we are or what is the subject that the author is discussing. M. Poincaré's love of detail is a great hindrance to lucidity. No doubt it is inevitable that there should be a great deal in such a book which an English reader could not be expected to follow with the same interest as a French reader; but if the author, as his publishers seem to intimate, is going to continue on the same scale up to the year 1923, we shall have twenty-two more French and eleven more English volumes before his narrative is concluded. Important as were the transactions in which M. Poincaré was concerned, life is really not long enough for these amplifications.
>
> M. Poincaré undoubtedly succeeds in showing that the selection of documents in the *Livre Noir* and other publications of his opponents is extremely one-sided, not to say malicious, but his answers generally take the form of lengthy digressions, and he does not face some of the less pleasing allegations — for example, Isvolsky's boast that he was bribing French newspapers, and his complaints to his Government that he was insufficiently provided with funds to counteract the efforts of other Governments and their emissaries in this direction.

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SEPTEMBER EVENTS ABROAD

AUSTRIA

Sample Fairs at Gratz and Vienna.

International Congress of Traveling Salesmen of Business, Vienna, September 1–15.

International Radio Exhibition, Vienna, September 5–12.

International Congress for city building and exhibition of city maps, Vienna, September 14–17.

Lower Austrian Exhibition, Tulln, September 11–19.

Congresses of Sociologists, Meteorologists, and German Authors, Vienna, September 12.

BELGIUM

Colonial Fair, Antwerp.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

International Sample Fair, Prague, August 29–September 5.

Sample and Wood Exhibit, Bratislava, August 22–September 2.

FRANCE

Agricultural Machinery Exhibit, Lyon.

Radio Inventions Exhibit, Paris.

Exhibits and Fairs, Bastia, Annecy, Chambery, St. Etienne, and Grenoble.

Horse Show, Biarritz, September 1.

Races, Biarritz and Fontainebleau, September 3.

Pilgrimage to St. Gens, Avignon, September 4–5.

Street Fair, Lille, September 5.

Children's Fête, Vichy, September 5.

Nautical Fêtes, Evian-les-Bains, September 5.

Regatta, Thonon-les-Bains, September 5.

Dewar Cup Golf Championship, Vichy, September 6.

Pilgrimage and Descent of Lanterns, Allauch, September 7–16.

Horse Show, Avignon, September 7–24.

Billiard Tournament, Vichy, September 8 on.

Margaret of Navarre's Court of Love, Cauterets, September 12.

Horse Races, Tours, September 12.

Bullfights, Biarritz, September 12.

Havana Cup Golf Championship, Vichy, September 15.

Children's Fête and sand-building contests, Biarritz, September 16.

Horse Races, Vichy, September 18–19.

Autumn salon of Provençal art, Allauch, September 19–October 3.

International Bowling Contest, Vichy, September 20.

Golf Championship of centre of France, Vichy, September 20–21.

Horse Races, Biarritz, September 23.

Motorboat Club of France Regatta, Herblay, September 25.

Golf Tournament, Marshall Field Cup, Tours, September 25–27.

Horse Races, Lille, September 26.

Pastoral Fêtes, Cheylard, September 26.

Horse Races, Lille, September 26.

Fair of Saint-Michel, Nîmes, and Du Gard, September 29.

GERMANY

Wine Culture Exhibition, Festival Plays, Horse Show, Wiesbaden.

Wine Festival, Mainz.

Wood Show, Königsberg.

Agricultural and Trade Fair, Oehringen.

People's Festival and Fair, Stuttgart.

Photo and Cinema Show, Berlin, September and October.

Hotel Industries Exhibit, Berlin.

Sample Fair Book Show, Breslau, September 5–7.

Sample Technical Exhibit, Cologne, September 12–19.

Sample Fair, Frankfort, September 26–29.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

Highland Games, Inverness and Aboyne.

Horse Show, Bath, September 1–2.

Irish Open Golf Championship, Portmarnock, September 6–10.

St. Leger Horse Race, Doncaster, September 8.

Automobile Racing, Brooklands, September 11.

National Rose Society Show, Crystal Palace, London, September 17–18.

Automobile Races, Brooklands, September 25.

Hunt Races, Perth, September 22–23.

Chemists Exhibition, Glasgow, September 22–24.

Grocers Exhibition, Belfast, September 28–October 7.

HOLLAND

Sample Fair, Utrecht, September 7–16.

ITALY

Biennial Art Exposition, Venice.

Sample Fair, Brindisi, September 3–7.

Road Building Exhibit, Milan, September 5–13.

JUGOSLAVIA

Sample Fair, Belgrade.

Sample Fair, Ljubljana.

POLAND

Aviation Congress, Warsaw.

Oriental Sample Fair, Lwow, September 5–15.

SWITZERLAND

Horticultural Show, Geneva.

Food Fair, Lausanne.

Radio Show, Geneva.

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THE ATLANTIC PRIZE

$10,000 *extra* for the Best Novel

THE Atlantic's announcement of its $10,000 prize for the most interesting novel received by February 15, 1927, has brought multitudinous inquiries to the publishers. We are asked if we hope to launch a new writer by this offer. Inasmuch as the $10,000 is in the nature of a bonus, over and above the author's customary revenue from book royalties, dramatic and cinema rights, it is attractive not only to the literary aspirant, but to the established writer whose name guarantees the success of a book. Our purpose is to get the *best novel obtainable*, whether from a celebrity or from an unknown.

The Atlantic has always been noted for introducing authors who achieve widespread fame. Many illustrious writers have had an Atlantic debut, or were associated with the magazine in the early days of their careers. Many of our readers will recall Mary Johnston, whose "To Have and To Hold," published by us serially nearly thirty years ago, created a furore; Kathleen Norris with "The Heart of Alanna"; Margaret Prescott Montague, inimitable chronicler of the rugged mountaineer; May Sinclair, A. Edward Newton, the effervescent bibliophile of Philadelphia and London; The Woman Homesteader; The Elderly Spinster; Cornelia Stratton Parker and her "American Idyll" of fragrant memory; Beebe, the naturalist, who explores and writes with equal felicity; Hall and Nordhoff of the A. E. F. and the South Seas; — to mention a scattered few. The prize winner will join a distinguished company. His story will be an Atlantic serial, an Atlantic novel published by Little Brown and very likely a play and a movie besides.

THERE are no restrictions or hampering rules in the Atlantic contest. Any type of novel may be submitted. Any person may write it. The winner will receive the prize *not as an advance on* but *in addition to* book royalties, and will retain full dramatic and cinema rights. The publishers will mail to any who request it a pamphlet giving full details of the contest.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

8 Arlington Street, Boston

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Fun at the Equator with Pershing

THIS may not sound like a hot weather topic, but then — Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., of the Marine Corps, wrote it and it is the story of a good-natured riot aboard a United States cruiser on a mission of state.

* * *

"Crossing the line with Pershing" leads the August Fiction Number of Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Fiction as delightful as it is varied, interesting articles, excellent illustration, a brilliant cover make the August Fiction Number of Scribner's Magazine the richest in years.

* * *

Here are some of the stories:

"The Pipe Major," a detective story with a Scotch accent by George S. Brooks;

* * *

"The Salt of the Earth" by Thomas Boyd, a brief poignant story of the Northwest;

* * *

"The Riviera Road" by Bernice Kenyon, the influence of a medieval church on a superstitious woman and a man running away from his past;

* * *

"The Director's Brother" by Valma Clark, in which the director's son gets involved in a situation more dramatic than the movies.

* * *

"A Wilful Andromeda" by Henry van Dyke, wherein this American master draws a scathing portrait of an oily politician who makes love to a flapper.

* * *

"My Grandfather McGehee's Wedding" by Stark Young, a beautiful story of a Southern gentleman and a bride who never appeared.

* * *

Entirely new material on Robert Louis Stevenson distinguishes the number. The sculptor who made the only bust of the great author from life tells how Stevenson acted as a model and publishes for the first time photographs of his bust.

* * *

Shall we have a law against chocolate sundaes? Struthers Burt asserts that it is perfectly logical if the trend of current legislation is followed. Read his "The Sense of Law."

* * *

What about the morals of our college boys? Erie Hopwood, editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, investigates college periodicals and writes "The Morals of College Journalism."

* * *

Most travel books are dishonest, says Henry Seidel Canby in a delightful essay on "Travelling Intelligently in America."

* * *

A real honest-to-goodness fighting dog dear to a boy's heart is Tramp whose history Max Bentley relates.

* * *

And if you are looking for books to read, let William Lyon Phelps tell you what has interested him recently.

* * *

Royal Cortissoz accuses modern painters of body-snatching in "The Field of Art."

* * *

Alexander Dana Noyes portrays the hopeful business signs of the last half year in "The Financial Situation."

* * *

The August Fiction Number of Scribner's Magazine is as refreshing as a sea breeze, as gay as a dancing sprite, as buoyant as the cork of your fishing line. Get it today. It is the magazine for the week-end.

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